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WITH COLUMBUS
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• PORTRAIT OF A LADY IN RENAISSANCE COSTUME, AFTER BARVEISTEIN.
IN THE BRUSSELS GALLERY.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Why does not some ingenious person invent an amusement for the seaside? It is easy enough to import amusements such as German bands and Ethiopian serenaders (though very difficult to export them when you have once got them); it has even been found possible to introduce into a popular watering-place steam merry-go-rounds—a picturesque addition indeed to the “silent splendours” of the sea-shore. There is dear Aunt Sally, of course, and shooting at mechanical rabbits (almost as expensive to the indifferent sportsman as preserving); but even those who take pleasure in such violent delights must own that they are inappropriate to the romantic scene. Why cannot the sands themselves be utilised for this purpose? Is the genius who invented croquet deceased, and has he left no offspring? for, if the principle of heredity is to be accepted at all, his children should surely partake of his transcendent talents. Another (so-called) summer has come and gone: let us hope before our “three fine days” (though there seems to be only two of them now) “and a thunderstorm” come round again, somebody will have invented something to do at the seaside with some sort of local colouring and association in it. The aimless manner in which the great middle class (as we call them at election times) seek their seaside pleasures, and in vain, upon their holiday is pathetic. They scorn the enjoyments of the rabble, but have none of their own. I have noted their little ways for many seasons, and they make me sad. Though they have come down to look upon the ocean, they flatten their noses against the print-shop windows, in preference to any other prospect, and try to persuade themselves that the works of art therein exhibited are new to them. They listen to the sand preacher—a different genus from the street preacher, with a longer and louder tongue—but without deriving any edification: he is not respectable enough for them. When they have done that and taken a five-shilling drive in a fly to nowhere in particular, there is absolutely nothing left for them but to watch the Mary Jane set sail with her cargo of excursionists at a shilling an hour. This, fortunately, takes a long time, for, though the captain may admit that time and tide wait for no man, he conceives that man is born to wait for any time or tide, and induces him to do so by the most earnest assertions of “Only one minute more and off she goes.” The tripper, who is secretly aware that he is going to his doom, and wishes to get it over, chafes at the delay; but Paterfamilias, as he leans over the parapet of the parade, sucking at his cigar or the handle of his umbrella, is well pleased at it. He knows that when he has seen the Mary Jane off there will be nothing more to see or to do.

People talk of Christmastide as being the season of good-fellowship, but as a matter of fact this is more true of autumn, when one's acquaintances have come back from their holidays and are quite glad to see one. Before December arrives they have got tired of us, and are reminded of those little weaknesses they have (falsely) attributed to us, and which, in our absence, they had forgotten. They have also something fresh to tell us—about themselves, it is true, but that dish was always a favourite with them, and it is less unattractive with a new sauce. If they suffer from the same ailments as we do, it is interesting to compare notes with them of the effect of various kinds of “treatment”: one has tried hot baths, and another mud baths, and another the grape cure, and provided, as is most likely, that they have received no more benefit from them than we have from our remedies, their experiences are welcome enough. We always told them “what quackery it all was, and that there was nothing like massage or an electric belt”—and the first part of our statement, at all events, has been verified. The loyalty with which men stick to their own nostrums after all reasonable hope of amendment has departed reminds one of the devotion of the Jacobites to the Stuart dynasty. A friend informed me the other day that Aix-les-Bains had, years ago, “entirely cured” him of rheumatism, “and now,” he added, “I go there every season.” To one who is familiar with that locality the gratitude which induces anybody to revisit it without necessity, and simply on sentimental grounds, will be thoroughly appreciated. One of the disagreeables of going to a health resort, if one is not actually crippled, but only expects to be, is that that condition is taken for granted. The kindly waiter inquires, “What orders for the bath chair this morning?” when you are not dreaming of a bath chair; but it makes you dream of it, and also of a still slower and more mournful vehicle.

The opening of the Colchester oyster fishery has, we are told, been just “proclaimed.” From the price charged for opened oysters in London, this word “proclaimed” would seem to be analogous to the state of a district in Ireland in that condition. The ceremony may be necessary, but the results are disagreeable. The cost of this edible, now fixed for the season, is more than threepence a-piece in its own birthplace! When millionaires tell us they have no advantages to speak of over their neighbours, they forget the oysters. There must surely be something wrong about this tariff, which is getting higher and higher yearly, notwithstanding that Frank Buckland (who knew something of the subject) promised us twenty years ago

that oysters would become cheap, if only certain restrictions, which Government adopted, were laid upon their consumption. “Natives” are, in fact, to persons of limited means a prohibited article. Under these circumstances, it is offensive to read that the Mayor and Corporation of Colchester (who, one supposes, have something to answer for in the matter) were served with “an unlimited supply” on “proclamation day.” However, as they had “gin and gingerbread” handed round with their oysters, one cannot but hope that they reaped the consequences of that combination. One has always heard that oysters, when washed down by gin, turn into stones: of the effects of that combination with gingerbread added, no one, except in Colchester, has, I fancy, had any experience.

It is deplorable to find a stroke of luck—some considerable gift of the Goddess Fortuna—rendered valueless by an act of ill-judgment. A Berkshire labourer found a bag of gold coins the other day in the thatch of an old granary during its demolition, and at once sent a sovereign to the public-house wherewith to treat his mates. This was, to say the least of it, a dangerous generosity. The innkeeper declined to take it (which does not look well for the Berkshire intelligence) “because it was sixty years old,” and everybody at once began to talk about it. The finder then took £70 to the bank and got new coins for old ones at a little discount; and again, overcome by liberality, gave each of the clerks a golden seven-and-sixpenny piece to “remember” him by—the very thing he ought to have avoided. A more complete case of mismanagement of a wind-fall probably never took place. As the majority of the coins were sovereigns, there might have occurred, no doubt—to a nice conscience—the suggestion that they might belong to the living heirs of somebody. Mr. Herbert Spencer, for example, or some professional moralist, might have advertised the discovery in the newspapers; but from all that appears to the contrary the finder in question would have acted just as imprudently if he had found a pot full of gold coins of the time of Edward VI. What has happened is the development of a pitiable desire for gain in several quarters—in the Treasury, in the lord of the manor, and in a person who claims the coins from a great-aunt. In these days, when so many works are published—not, indeed, for nothing, but for no obvious reason—there is surely room for a little handbook upon treasure trove, with suggestions as to the right course to be adopted in the various cases.

The question of deaf jurymen seems still to be agitating the public mind. It persists in supposing that the original causes of the double trial went not only voluntarily but eagerly into the box. If this was the case, they ought to have been excluded from exercising the office, whether deaf or not. The Juries Act expressly stipulates that the names of men suffering “from lunacy or imbecility of mind” should be struck out from the list of those liable to serve; and it is certain that any volunteer jurymen must be subject to one or the other of those ailments. Men who plead deafness are always looked upon with suspicion, and in the opinion of the judge are never deaf. The object of the law appears to be to make the service as disagreeable as possible, and to scoff at all excuses. The address of the summoning officer is never given in the summons, so that there is no method of communicating to him the fact that he has made a mistake. The lunatic (if that is what is the matter with him) has to appear in person. The one blessing which old age confers upon a man in this country is that he need no longer be a jurymen. He limps into court upon his crutches, and with a trembling hand produces his certificate of baptism, to the envy of all the young fellows. And yet the newspapers would have us believe that two deaf persons positively concealed their infirmity in order to be put in the box! It is possible, of course, that the legal authorities have set this story afloat to persuade people that service on juries is popular—just as the War Office might picture two candidates for the army concealing their cork legs in their ardour to become recruits. The idea is, no doubt, ingenious, but the motive incredible.

Mr. Walter Besant's comments upon the late literary frauds are very entertaining. It is only, perhaps, the Authors' Society that can gauge the intense desire of the amateur scribe to see himself in print, which is, of course, the rogue's opportunity, and makes the pirate publisher possible. It is a desire as unintelligible to the man of ordinary common-sense as that of the drunkard for his drink, but it is scarcely less powerful. If belief in oneself can, as some imagine, ensure success, the amateur in literature ought to be at the head of his profession. Here is a recent example: “What I now send you” (for he had sent something before) “is, it is hardly too much to say, a revelation; it will also, upon the most interesting and sublime subject known to the human mind, effect a revolution. Do not suppose I am blinded by vanity or the desire of gain. I am giving you an opportunity such as was never before afforded to any editor.” Upon this priceless work being declined, a different description of letter was received from the disappointed author: “You have never read my work. After the first eighty pages, I had gummed the manuscript together, and it has been returned still gummed. This is not the first time this has happened, and it shows why books of genius remain unpublished in this country.”

It appears, therefore, that the “opportunity” had been offered to another editor.

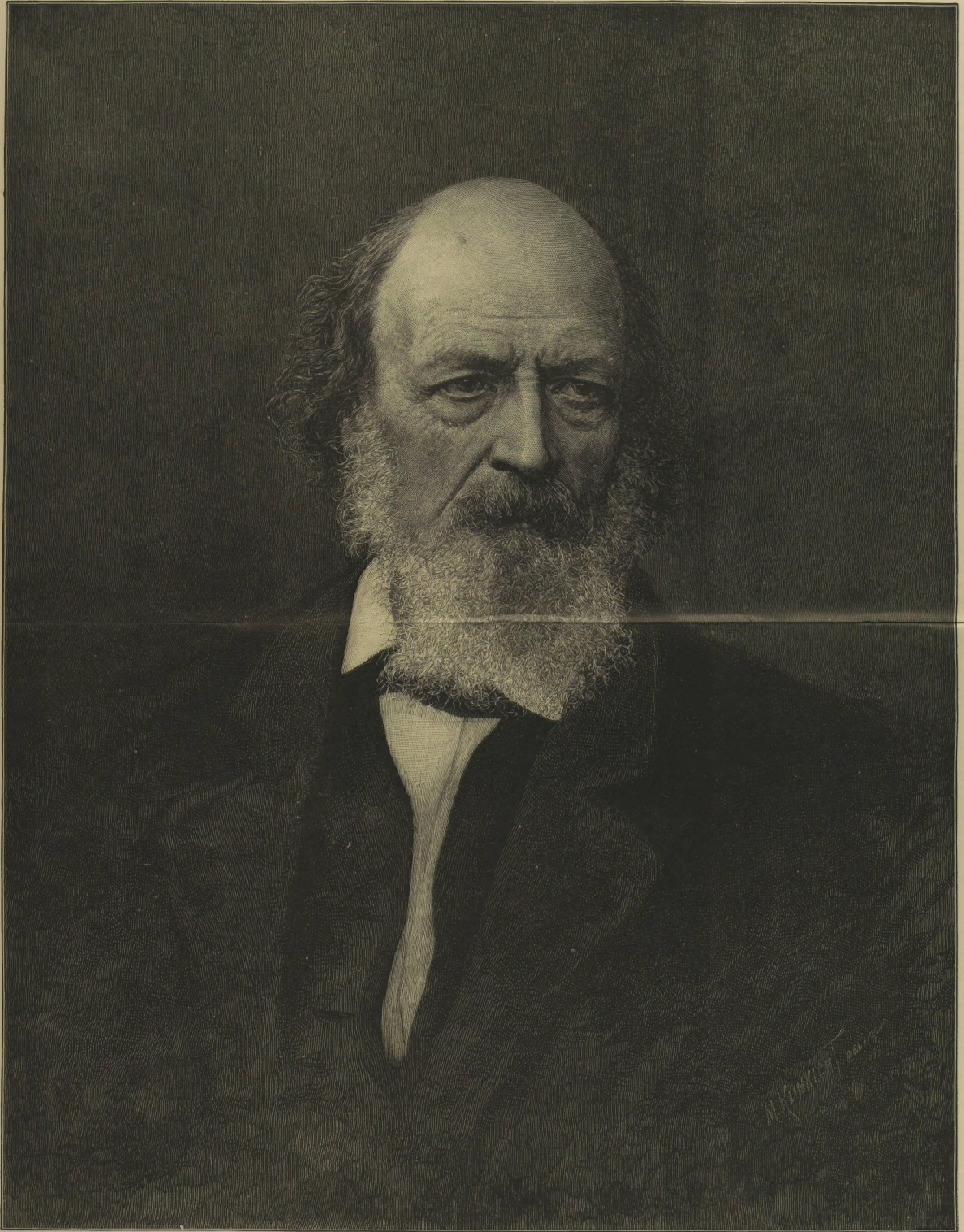
One of the complainants in the late case was a poet, who paid £15 for a publication that never took place. He was a waiter, and therefore, presumably, used to delay, but this passed all bounds. In some cases it appears that everything does not come to him who waits. So far as I know, though, from the recent “History of White's,” we find waiters have been members of Parliament and even Governors of Madras, they have not distinguished themselves in literature. That they should seldom “drop into poetry” seems natural enough, but that they should never have been prose writers is rather strange. They see a good deal of life. The “Reminiscences of a Waiter,” especially of a club waiter, ought to be full of interest. An employé at the Athenæum who afterwards migrated to the Turf would have a good deal to say of different aspects of society if “he brought an eye for all he saw” and (especially) an ear for all he heard.

Notwithstanding that the Nihilist in his own country has so much more *raison d'être* than in exile, he is more attractive—that is, in a novel—when in England. We prefer him there, as we prefer an Englishman's French to a Frenchman's French, because he is so much more intelligible to us. His surroundings, at least, are such as we are acquainted with, and the names of his friends are not necessarily in six syllables. Otherwise, of course, his principles and peculiarities remain the same. There is a curious similarity in his mixture of tenderness and truculence with the hero of the Western American novel; he does not, indeed, after shooting down half-a-dozen innocent persons, burst into tears at the sight of a baby, but amid all his dynamical and tyrannical schemes he remains the most soft-hearted and trustful of men. In Mr. Frank Barrett's new story, “Out of the Jaws of Death,” Toras, otherwise Prince Borgensky, is of this attractive type. His love affair with Aura is an idyll: but his duel with the White Czar is to the death. He, unfortunately, gets very much the worst of it in that encounter, but the details are of the most exciting kind. We seem to live in an atmosphere of espionage and treachery, though the locality is Lambeth. For those readers who like bread-and-butter fiction with powdered sugar on it, the incidents may appear somewhat melodramatic; but those who prefer it sprinkled with cayenne pepper will enjoy the book. It may be read without bringing the least blush into the most maidenly cheek, but it is not what is called a “domestic story.”

It is quite true that our highly cultured lads are often not so well educated as their social inferiors, but, on the other hand, they know more of the world. At a London police-court, the other day, a young barman (a calling not supposed to be an exceptionally innocent one) prosecuted some sharpers for getting £5 out of him by the three-card trick. “And do you mean to say,” inquired the magistrate, “that you never heard of the three-card trick?” “No, Sir, never.” No Eton boy of fourteen, unless he was one of Macaulay's lads (“Every schoolboy knows,” &c.), could have given such a reply as that. One would have thought everybody except a judge (whose ignorance on all such matters is, as we know, phenomenal) would have been acquainted with that little game. A point, on the other hand, where the public-school boy does not score is in the matter of bullying. Among Board-school boys there is nothing of this. They have not, indeed, so many opportunities, since they are all day-boys; but no instance of cruelty to one another, so far as I have seen, crops up.

The damp towel for the head of the student is as popular an application as raw beefsteak for a black eye. The man who uses it to keep himself awake in order to work in the small hours is, remarks the *Hospital*, “a fool.” It scarcely needed the voice of science to assure us of that fact, and the voice might have gone further, and asserted that all artificial attempts to compel a jaded brain are futile. They are not only bad for the health, but useless for the purpose required, for work so obtained is valueless. It is possible in exceptional cases, as, for instance, when a leading article has to be written for the morrow's paper, that compulsion may be necessary for once in a way, though it is probable that that particular composition will not alter the course of European politics; but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is better to get up an hour earlier in the morning than to sit up an hour later at night after nature has cried “To bed!” Still, it is a blow to fiction to have the damp towel thus denounced and depreciated by authority. As a remedial, or at least a stimulating agent, it has been spoken of respectfully by Dickens and Bulwer; while in almost every novel of University life, if it has not led to fortune (and a fellowship), it has averted disgrace.

The question of “Where is fancy bred?” is a large one; that of “What is fancy bread?” is more limited, but, it seems, also difficult. A master baker summoned the other day for selling wares otherwise than by weight defended himself on the ground that they were fancy loaves and not liable to be weighed. The magistrate took his view, and administered what may be almost called poetical justice.



Photograph by Harvard, Oxford Street.

BORN, AUG. 6, 1809.

DIED, OCT. 6, 1892.

**THE LATE LORD TENNYSON,
POET LAUREATE.**

PEN OR BROOM?

BY ANDREW LANG.

Mr. James Payn has already remarked, in the *Illustrated London News*, on Mr. Grant Allen's curious advice to young authors. A good broom and a respectable crossing offer a better opening to youth, Mr. Allen thinks, than a quill and a sheet of foolscap. Of course we are not to offer a literal interpretation of this dark saying. Except that his is an open-air business, there is little to be said for the crossing-sweeper's trade. Though in some respects akin to it, it is manifestly much more clean and honourable than gutter journalism. The crossing-sweeper, to some extent, removes mud; the gutter journalist splashes mud over everyone who comes within his reach. The advantages are all with the hero of the broom; but Mr. Allen was talking of literature, not of gutter journalism. In a literal sense, no doubt, he did not mean what he seemed to mean. The man of letters can work where he pleases, for example, as at this moment, within view of the wandering sea-straits that wind beneath the cliffs of Moldart and girdle the ruined castle of Clanranald. That is a better prospect than a crowded crossing, and it is more pleasant to be drenched with the salt spray than with mud from the wheels of the hansoms. As far as worldly wealth is concerned, the author, even if he does not win the large prizes of the profession, is better paid than Mr. Altamont, in the memoirs of Mr. Jeames de la Pluche, and of crossing-sweepers he was the most affluent. Again, literature, after all, is not only a profession, but an art. Some crossing-sweepers give a decorative tone to their work, in summer, by means of volutes of dust, early spiral ornament, and, no doubt, gain pleasure in that part of their craft. But there are more variety and more copious resources of expression even in humble forms of literature and of journalism. Thus both materially and artistically the pen is a more agreeable and more prosperous implement than the broom. Again, literature has this great merit, beyond the supreme of crossing-sweeping, that it ministers to the vanity of its children. A man is pleased with himself when his task goes well and easily. He thinks many a thought that would never have come to him if he had not a pen in his hand—a pen, that strange conductor between the self he knows and the "subliminal self," which is often flashing its surprises on him, and convincing him, rightly or wrongly, that he is a cleverer fellow than he had imagined. Few of us, indeed, can say, with Swift, "What a genius I had when I wrote that!" or, with Thackeray, "That's genius!" when he penned a famous portion of "Vanity Fair." But probably we all have our little complacencies, and if, after all, we are mistaken, still the writing man may remark *Me mihi plaudo* as he corrects his proofs, even if the public and the critics do not echo his self-conferred applause. But it is not always the writer who applauds himself alone; there is praise as well as pudding from the world, and, however men may make a parade of indifference, "every fellow likes a hand," everyone is pleased by praise, even if he knows well how little it is deserved. The writer, too, is often treated by the world with a great deal of kindness; he makes friends among his readers—more friends than he knows, and if he likes notoriety (about which tastes differ) he gets it. When Pendenis, coming to London on the coach, stared at Mr. Brown, the reviewer, the honest soul of Brown would have been gratified by the attention. It is very likely that the brains of some authors, had they been diverted into law, or physic, or the profession of arms, would have won them more money, or even more reputation, but the labour would have been far greater, and the independence far less. Who would be a famous lawyer, wealthy, but a slave to his work, rising early, sleeping late, with a mind full of trivialities, if he could write much that the public buys and live on the royalties for the same? The happiest of all lives, one thinks, must be a painter's, the next a novelist's, and we are not to believe that it is better to buy a broom.

That thesis cannot be maintained seriously, and we must suppose Mr. Allen to mean that literature has its troubles and "crosses" and disappointments and uncongenial tasks; but what profession is without them? The world likes our "pot-boilers" best, and the work which we love and put our labour into the world does not value at all, or not by our estimate. Much rather would I write a book on the Lost Epic Poems of Greece, on Stasius and Arctinus, and Eugammon, than write articles like this, and the rest of them. But my Cyclic Poets are akin to Mr. Allen's "Physiological Aesthetics," a branch of "Typical Developments" for which the public, it seems, does not hanker. The position of a painter is like ours; he wants to paint the Judgment of Paris, or the Deluge, or the Battle of Waterloo; but the public prefers his portraits or his "pot-boilers," and he can only work at his great historical or allegorical piece in his *heures perdues*. Thus he can scarcely do justice to his sublimer genius; but perhaps that is no great matter. The public, I regretfully confess, has a way of being correct in its judgments and its demands. It is even by no means certain that if the public prefers Mr. Allen's excellent tales to his works on science the reason may not be that the novels are really better than the reasonings. The writer's subliminal self turned out, to his astonishment and regret, to be a novelist, while his empirical self was hankering after science, after the modern myths by which Messrs. Huxley and Darwin believe that they can explain the universe. The public is more in sympathy with the subliminal self, which, in brief, is genius. This phenomenon is familiar. Liston believed himself to be a tragedian; he really was a comedian, and as a comedian the public accepted him. Mr. Gladstone is a statesman; he thinks that he is a Homerologist. Without being disrespectful, I do not think that Homeric scholars in Germany, France, Italy, or England entirely agree with him in this opinion any more than Wellhausen is likely to take him seriously as a Biblical critic. In brief, this is the

secret of all of us: we prefer the work which Nature has not intended us to do, and we are sad when the world prefers to receive from us the work which we can do. But this accident is not peculiar to literature. Perhaps Mr. Balfour thinks that his forte is philosophy or golf; perhaps Sir William Harcourt holds that in his history he lost a Gibbon or a Niebuhr. Yet Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Balfour, Sir William Harcourt, will not bid young politicians buy brooms and sweep crossings. I only wish they would!

THE LATE M. RENAN.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

I first met M. Renan soon after he published "*La Vie de Jésus*," when he was almost fresh from the East. His wife, who has conformed to him in all respects, even in resembling him in figure, was then young, slim, and pretty in a comely, fresh way. He was far from looking the epicurean canon that he appeared as he advanced in life, but had a priestly air, and in his conversation showed a kind of discretion for which the members of the French clergy are remarkable. He had been well grounded in the rule of rather seeking to enter into the minds of others than to reveal his own. Whether owing to nature or to education, I noticed that he made a point of suiting his conversation to those with whom

was doing. But I think I am right in saying that he never had much warm feeling towards that form of religion, unless in Germany—a country which seemed to him, I once heard him say, to have by its disinterested love of truth brought the Kingdom of Heaven down to earth.

After talking some time on Swedenborg and his revelations, M. Renan grew splendidly eloquent on the subjects of the "religious mystics of humanity." There was no apparent irony or insincerity in his manner, and possibly there was none. He was fond of looking at the truth from divers standpoints, and one standpoint was as good in his eyes, at any rate for conversational purposes, as another. "It required a vast heart and mind," he exclaimed, "to be a great mystic." Saint Augustine, Saint Theresa, Swedenborg, and "notre grand Balzac" were instanced. A mystical school of religion was nearly always sure to spring up after times of licentiousness or great civil commotions. Fox and his Quakers (pronounced "Quakres") arose out of the Parliamentary civil war in England; and Swedenborg, when Sweden was exhausted with wars of all sorts.

M. Renan at the time I speak of had an almost slight figure. He had not yet got over the sadness which the loss of his sister had occasioned: she died of fever, at Beyrout. He was ill at the same time; and feeling that she was going, and noticing that he was distressed about her but unable to help her, she chloroformed him, and in this way spared him the pain of seeing her die. The shock of hearing she was dead was, perhaps, more terrible under the circumstances than it otherwise would have been. It was easy to divine the heart-sore ensuing from her loss.

M. Renan lived, in the early period of his celebrity, in a quiet street in the Faubourg St. Germain, on a fourth floor. He had then a little son—who is now a painter, like his maternal grandfather, and his grand-uncle, Ary Scheffer, after whom he is called—and a daughter, Noémie, who bears the name of her father's first love, a Breton girl for whom he conceived a passion when he and she were in their teens. The lodging was, as he said, a loggia, the rooms being little more than a balcony with a wide view over the tops of the trees in the gardens of the Archbishop of Paris and the Duc de Galliera. Books invaded sofas, easy chairs, and sideboard. The convenience of the master was alone consulted by his French-Dutch wife. She let every volume stay just where he left it, and knew that there was a hidden order in the seeming disorder of his little library and study. All the furniture in these rooms was meant merely for use. The book-cases were of planed deal. A few of the books were bound; most of them were in wrappers. M. Renan objected to having his books bound. To do so cost money, and made carriage expensive when one wanted to take a lot of books into the country; and then it was harder to work with a bound book that did not lie flat than with a well-used one in a wrapper. M. Renan also lived at this period near his friend Madame Cornu, the Emperor's foster-sister, to whom he was indebted early in the fifties for the post of librarian of the Semitic department of the National Library, and for being sent on an archaeological mission to the Holy Land. He got there the local colour that he brings out with such an exquisite touch in "*La Vie de Jésus*," a romance in which the scepticism of Voltaire and the sensibility of Rousseau are blended and harmonised. Madame Cornu had a beneficent influence on the life of Renan, and was one of the five women who greatly loved him. The others were his mother, sister, and wife and daughter. Madame Cornu's house was the centre of a semi-opposition to what was illiberal in the Empire, and the resort of men distinguished rather by their personal worth and ability than by their wealth. Renan was also admitted to the circle of Princess Mathilde, and went to Prince Napoleon's Good Friday and other dinners.

He was towards the end of the sixties ambitious of entering the Legislature, and stood for a district in the Seine-et-Marne. He was asked to state his opinions about the Concordat and clericalism, and, not to shock anyone, spoke a good deal between the lines. He likened France and the Catholic Church to an ill-matched couple who would like to be divorced, but could not just then; but in good time there would be a divorce law, and then everyone would be content. His rival, who was an official candidate, gave out that M. Renan was for divorce. This shocked the peasants, who voted to a man against him, and who were, later, while he smarted under defeat, ridiculed in a book, his "*Caliban*," in which the irony is too far-fetched to sting the thinnest skin, and quite incomprehensible to the rural mind. But M. Renan lived to thank these rustics. To have been in the Corps Législatif would have been to have lost precious time, and to have shared in the disgrace of voting the declaration of war against Prussia. M. Renan could show Breton obstinacy. His refusal, at the age of twenty-one, to go on further with his clerical studies was a proof of his unusual strength of will and of power for self-government. But he was at his best in solitary reflection, and at his worst in a crowd. He could not bustle or push his way, and let himself be swayed by any passing wind that blew. He also grew to be unable, in the cross-currents of optimism and pessimism in which he navigated, to see where good ended and evil began. Instead of being a restraint upon a servile herd of Deputies, he must, given the turn his mind took and his physical infirmities, have been carried away by it. When the Emperor, meeting him shortly after he failed to be elected, said to him, "I am sorry you were defeated in your run for a seat in the Chamber of Deputies," M. Renan answered, "There was an easy way to avoid being sorry. It was not to have sent an official candidate to oppose me." But I must reserve the rest of my reminiscences of the great man until next week.

PARIS, OCT. 4, 1892.



Photo by W. and D. Downey.

THE LATE M. ERNEST RENAN.

he talked as almost to echo what they said, embellishing and throwing into it some of his own originality. The lady of the house was English, and had a cosmopolitan salon, in which opinions of every kind, provided they came from the mouths of distinguished people, were free to express themselves. She had made a point of getting hold of M. Renan, who, indeed, was the prize guest of the evening, and had, among others, M. Athanase Coquerel and the venerable Martin Paschoud—both pastors—to meet him, as well as a distinguished American in the diplomatic service of the United States, who was devoted to Swedenborg. I had the good fortune to be with each when he was chatting, in the rather set fashion then in vogue among "serious people," with M. Renan. The two pastors were not counted at all orthodox by M. Guizot and his friends. I was struck with the wide gulf that lay between them and the lion of the evening, who was an unassuming lion and did not want to roar, and had to be goaded on to do so by the hostess. The pastors were in the habit of being in earnest, and entirely unused to casuistry in dealing with cases of conscience. They sympathised with Renan in some respects, but one saw that the subsoil of their respective minds was too different for them to understand each other. Renan at first betrayed a Pyrrhonic bent, which startled them unpleasantly. The words "*peut être*" were often in his mouth. But he found that he was getting more out of touch with the worthy men, and gently veered round, taking up the ideas and views that his interlocutors had expressed and putting a new and beautiful face upon them. He had known enough of Protestantism in his wife's family circle to be able to hold the candle to Protestants, which was really what he

THE SUPPOSED REAL HOLY SEPULCHRE AT JERUSALEM.

Some discussion has arisen, among learned Palestine topographers and Biblical archaeologists, with regard to the ancient tomb outside the Damascus gate of Jerusalem, believed by the late General C. G. Gordon, R.E., to be the actual sepulchre of Christ, which it is now proposed to purchase and to preserve as an object of Christian veneration. There are weighty opinions on both sides of the controversy. Major C. R. Conder, R.E., whose labours and records of the Palestine Fund Exploration Survey render him a high authority, considers "that there is not only no reason to suppose that this tomb is the real site of the tomb of Christ, but that there is every reason to suppose that it did not exist in the time of Our Lord at all." The Rev. Canon H. B. Tristram, F.R.S., whose reputation stands high as an authority regarding the geographical antiquities of Palestine, will not positively assert that this tomb must be the Holy Sepulchre, but thinks that its site answers the required conditions as no other site does; and there is no proof in support of Major Conder's opinion that this tomb is of the ninth century after Christ. A committee, of which Mr. Henry A. Campbell and Mr. John Murray are leading promoters, has appealed to the English public for subscriptions to the amount of £6000, to buy the enclosed piece of land, about four acres, now for sale at the price of £4000, to lay it out as a garden, to put the tomb in order, and to provide for its proper care and keeping. The Archbishop of Canterbury, several bishops, and many influential clergymen have expressed their cordial approval. Among these are the Rev. Haskett Smith, well known as a friend of the late Mr. Laurence Oliphant and as the author of interesting books relating to Syria, the Rev. Evan Hopkins, of Richmond, and the Rev. G. R. Wood, who were recently at Jerusalem. The letters which have appeared in the *Times* contain statements and arguments that may assist the general reader to comprehend the nature and limits of this topic of debate.

Major Conder himself excavated and explored the tomb so long ago as 1873. It is distant only 230 ft. from the summit of the knoll or little hill called El Heydhimiyeh, "Jeremiah's Grotto," the shape of which hillock has a striking resemblance to the form of a skull; the "Golgotha," or "Calvary," which Canon Tristram, in 1858, suggested as the probable site of the Crucifixion, arguing chiefly from its position as just outside the gate of Samaria, the only direct exit from the Roman governor's court, the Castle of Antonine. No one has more strongly advocated the opinion that this hillock, which is a "Place of the Skull," is the true Calvary than Major Conder did in 1878; he was, indeed, the first person to investigate and publish the Jewish tradition which makes it to have been the old "Place of Stoning," mentioned in the Talmud. But with regard to the tomb now in question, he says that it has not the form of the ancient Jewish sepulchres, such as were in use about the time of Christ, and such as would have been prepared by Joseph of

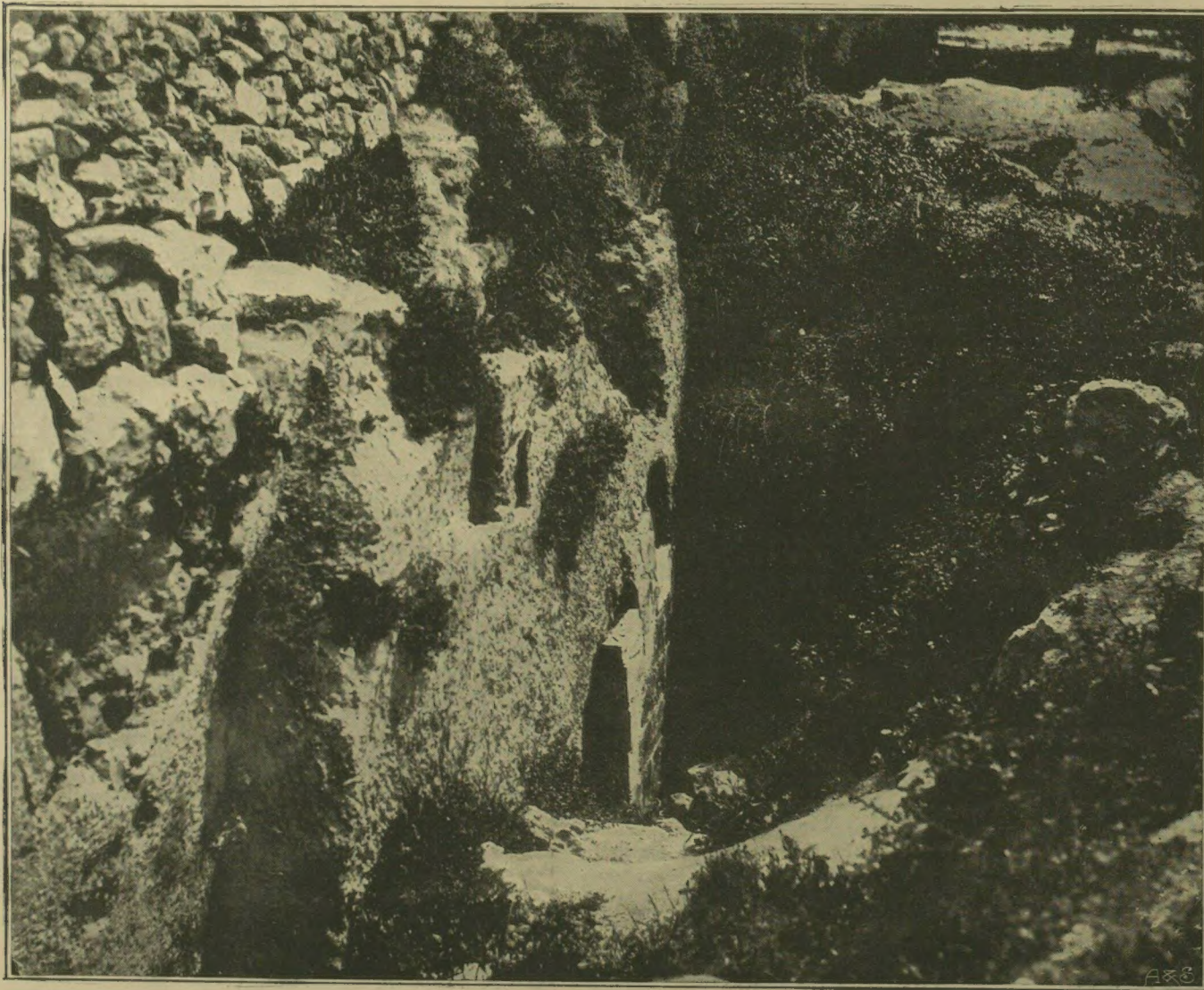


HILL SUPPOSED TO BE GOLGOTHA, OR CALVARY, "THE PLACE OF THE SKULL."

Arimathea. It resembles the tombs that were cut in the rock by the Greek Christians of about the ninth century, another example of which is that of Thecla Augusta, south of Jerusalem. There was a large hospice of the Crusaders close to the sepulchre now in dispute, and Major Conder has no doubt that pilgrims were buried in it, as he found in it remains of the bones of a number of persons; on the walls were two crosses, painted red, in the form of a Latin patriarch's cross, which could not be earlier, in Palestine, than the twelfth century. Near the tomb have been found two inscriptions, in characters of the Byzantine period, giving the names of deacons of the Greek Church. There are many other tombs of the Byzantine age near

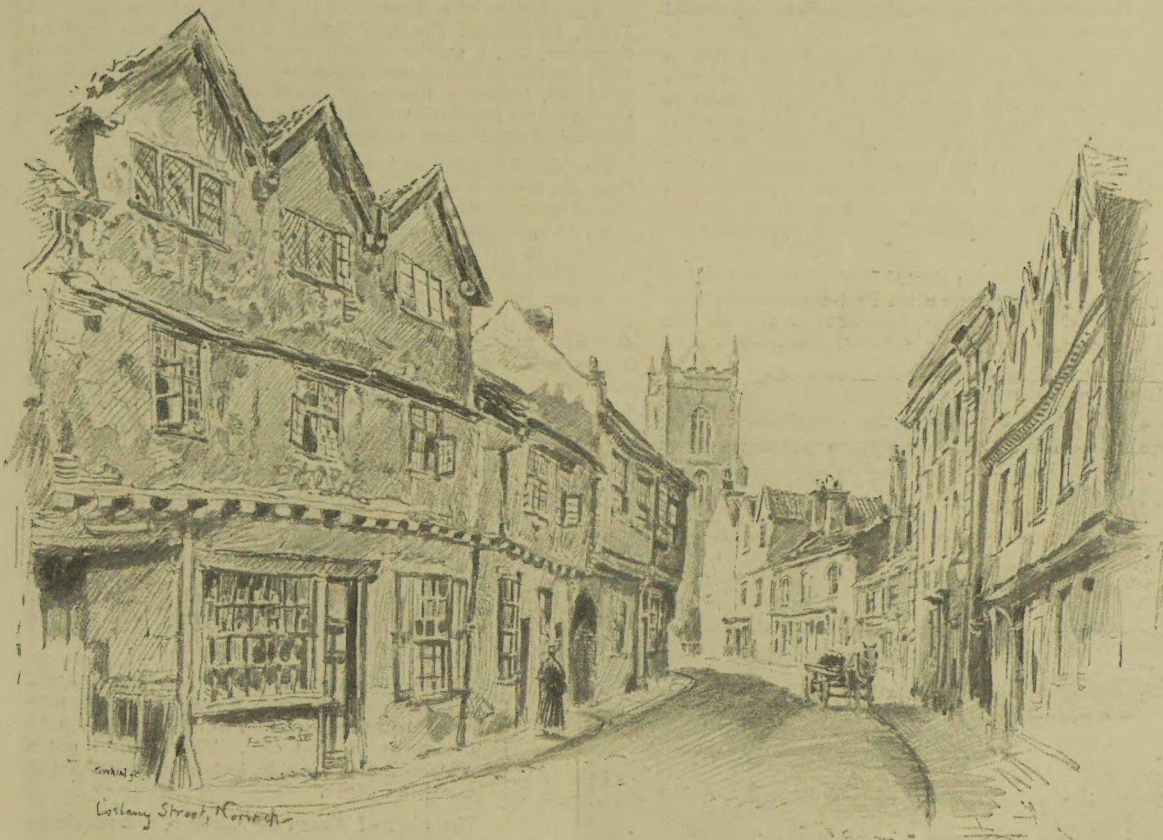
Calvary. For these reasons Major Conder rejects the notion that this tomb can have been the sepulchre of Christ, any more than the one whose reputed site, thanks to the "pious fraud of Constantine," is covered by the "Church of the Holy Sepulchre." The only tomb yet found in the vicinity which can be deemed as old as the date of the Crucifixion is situated rather further west, and has now become the property of Dominican friars.

On the other hand, it is contended that this last-mentioned ancient tomb, 700 ft. distant to the west, which is preferred by Major Conder, cannot be said to be "in the place where Jesus was crucified," or sufficiently close to it to answer the statement in the New Testament narrative; but this may be affirmed of the "Garden Tomb" which it is proposed to purchase. Herr Schick, who has resided many years at Jerusalem, devoting himself to the study of its antiquities, has written of the one now in question: "The tomb was originally a small rock-cut Jewish tomb, but became afterwards a Christian tomb, not only by being used again, but by being greatly altered." The existence of the head cavity in the receptacle at the north-east corner, and the fact of its directly facing the valley of Jehoshaphat, are strong arguments in favour of its being originally Jewish in character. It seems never to have been completed, but to have been cut out of the rock at a late Jewish period, and after the time of Christ to have been partially filled up with debris, as no bones were found close to the rock floor. The Crusaders, monks, and pilgrims of the Middle Ages would never suspect that Christ had been buried there, as the ecclesiastical tradition of many centuries had already consecrated another site of the Holy Sepulchre. There was nothing, therefore, to prevent them from using it as a place for ordinary interments. It has recently been ascertained, however, that an arched building was erected in front of the tomb, in the time of the Crusaders, about the twelfth century. In digging the foundations for this building, the tomb may have been discovered, and several other graves disturbed; their contents might then be collected and deposited in the ancient tomb. This would account for the large number of bones found by Major Conder. It is also suggested that the two Latin crosses in red paint were painted then on the walls of the tomb as memorials of the religious ceremony with which the bones were deposited there on their removal from other graves. As for the Greek Church inscriptions, they appear, as Mr. Henry Campbell says, on memorial stones found in Christian tombs only separated from "Gordon's tomb" by a thin partition of rock; and the inscriptions, written in Greek, were respectively as follows: "To Nonus and Onesimus, Deacons of the Church of the Witness of the Resurrection of Christ," and "Buried near his Lord." The latter inscription, if the real sepulchre were nowhere in the vicinity, would demand some explanation. We think these arguments have some force in reply to Major Conder's objections, but the controversy is by no means yet decided. The British Consul at Jerusalem has examined the title-deeds of the land, and has approved the price asked for the freehold.



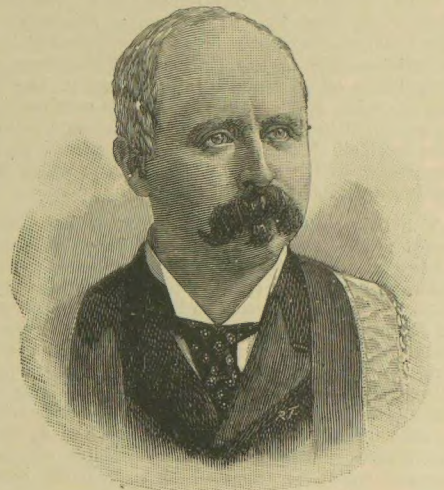
ENTRANCE TO THE GARDEN TOMB, NEAR THE SUPPOSED CALVARY.

MEETING OF THE INCORPORATED LAW SOCIETY AT NORWICH.



COSLANY STREET.

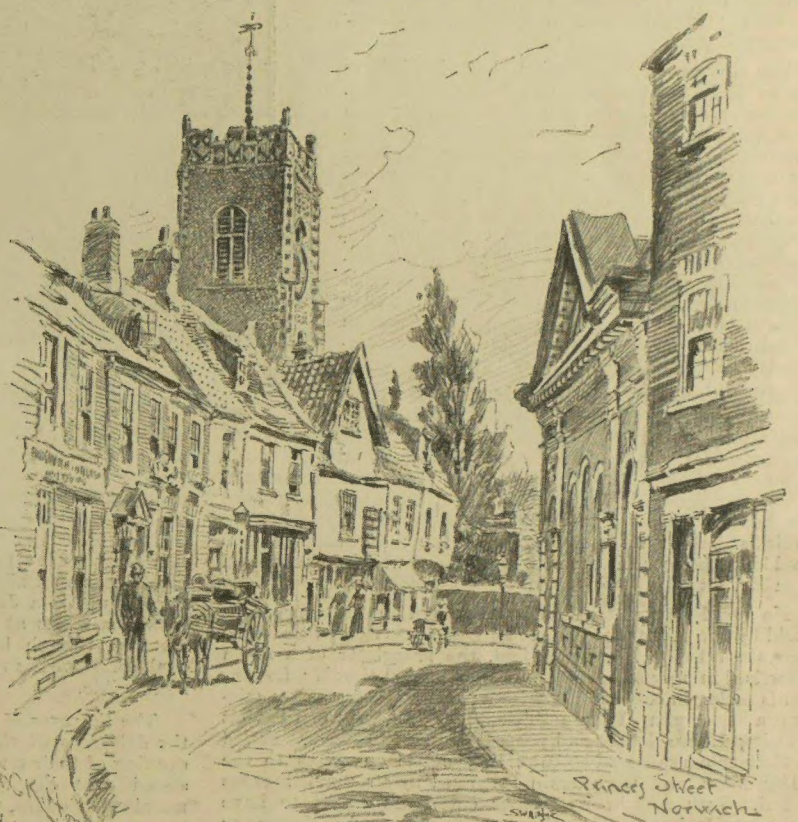
citizens. Norwich, which just lost the honour of receiving the Trade Union Congress next year, is an ideal place of entertainment for a society of specialists "on the jaunt." It is old, it is very full of archæological remains of great beauty, it is finely situated, and its citizens are extremely hospitable. An especial interest attaches to some of its older streets, which, outside the central purlieus of the town, have still a strangely unmodern appearance. Richly carved doorways, high gables roofed in with red tiles, quaint courts and recesses meet the eye at every turn. The churches also are very numerous and fine, and the glories of the cathedral, with its slender and beautifully proportioned *flèche*, are well known. Our Artist has in the accompanying sketches confined himself chiefly to the smaller charms of Norwich street architecture, to old thoroughfares like Coslany Street and Westlegate Street, winding in and out with many a backward crook and turn, now into the Cathedral precincts, now into some rare old market-like square. In many of these more



MR. G. M. CHAMBERLIN,
Mayor of Norwich.



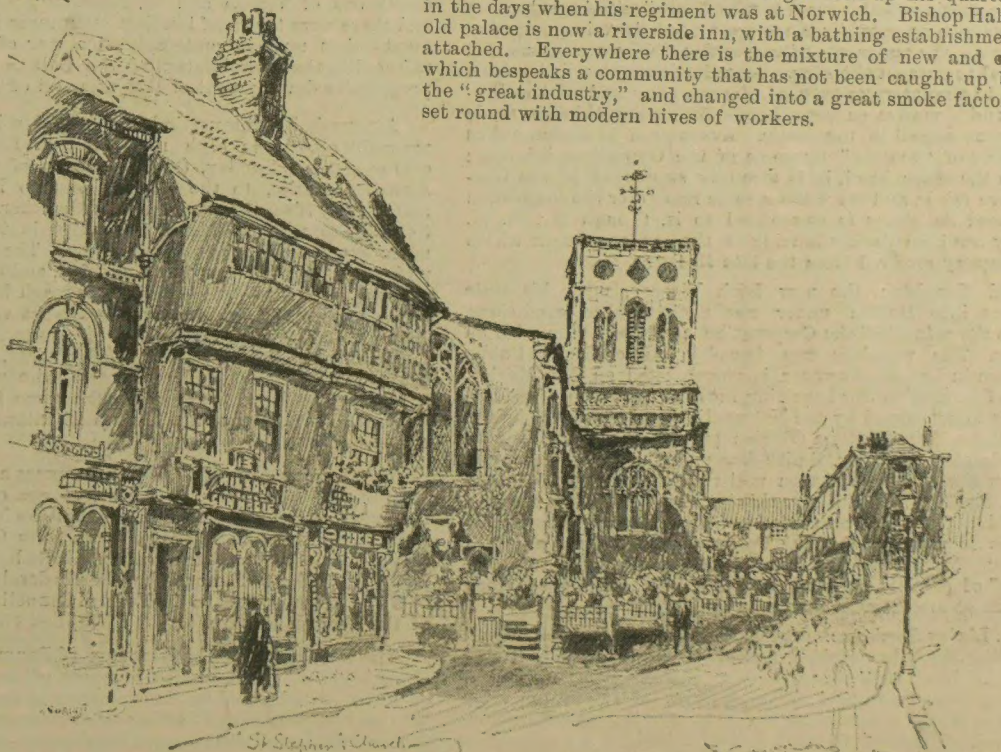
WESTLEGATE STREET.



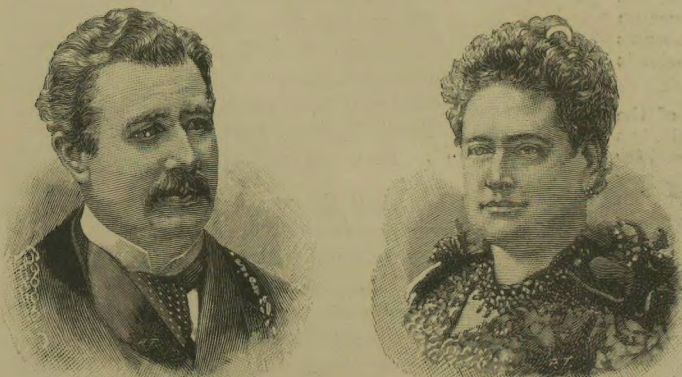
PRINCES STREET.

unfashionable quarters nestle noble old mansions, standing out in stately fashion among their meaner neighbours. In one of these fine houses the Duke of Connaught took up his quarters in the days when his regiment was at Norwich. Bishop Hall's old palace is now a riverside inn, with a bathing establishment attached. Everywhere there is the mixture of new and old which bespeaks a community that has not been caught up by the "great industry," and changed into a great smoke factory set round with modern hives of workers.

The visit of the Incorporated Law Society to Norwich opened on Monday, Oct. 3, with a reception in the famous city building—with its fine Gothic architecture, commanding aisles, and interesting civic memories and portraits of Norfolk and Norwich worthies—known as St. Andrew's Hall. The business of the society has throughout the week been agreeably varied by public dinners, luncheons, and balls, and by a series of "at homes" given by the Sheriff, by Mr. Colman, M.P., at Carrow Abbey, a charming old house, once a conventual establishment, and by other leading



ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH.



THE SHERIFF OF NORWICH AND MRS. REEVE.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

According to present arrangements, the Queen is to return to Windsor Castle from Balmoral on Saturday, Nov. 12, and on Friday, Dec. 16, the Court will remove to Osborne for a stay of about nine weeks.

Her Majesty (says *Truth*) will probably be the guest of the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham for three days towards the end of November, and the memorial of the Duke of Clarence which is to be placed in Sandringham Church will be unveiled during her visit.

There is to be a great gathering of the royal family at Windsor on Dec. 13 and 14, when the anniversary of the Prince Consort's death is to be celebrated by the usual memorial service in the Frogmore Mausoleum, and the coffin of the Duke of Clarence is to be placed in the marble sarcophagus which is being constructed to receive it. On Dec. 14, moreover, statues of the Duke of Clarence and of the Grand Duke Louis of Hesse, which are to be placed in the Frogmore Mausoleum, will be unveiled there in presence of the Queen and the royal family.

The thirty-second Church Congress has been opened at Folkestone by the Archbishop of Canterbury, who delivered an address marked by great moderation and by that statesmanlike quality which has distinguished the last three holders of the Episcopal Primacy. It was significant that the Archbishop received a deputation of Nonconformist divines, to whom he expressed his strong desire for the reunion of the Churches. This is taken as an indication that the Primate approves the attitude of the Bishop of Worcester at the Grindelwald Conference. The sittings of the Congress were not expected to be entirely harmonious, and on the opening day a procession bearing a banner inviting Protestants to be staunch to "the truth" came into collision with the police.

There is a great struggle at the Metropolitan Tabernacle over the choice of a successor to Mr. Spurgeon. At first, Dr. Pierson was invited to assume the pastorate, but now there is a rally of the friends of Mr. Thomas Spurgeon, who is said to resemble his father both in manner and personal gifts. The contest has grown somewhat warm, and there seems little prospect that the suggested compromise will be adopted by the appointment of both candidates and a division of labour between them.

The Liverpool Corporation has decided to confer the freedom of that city on Mr. Gladstone. This is, perhaps, a little late in the day, for such a recognition that the Prime Minister is the most distinguished man who ever came out of the great community on the Mersey might well have been made long ago. But, late as it is, the idea is excellent, and shows that even in a city where party feeling is always high the tribute to Mr. Gladstone's national fame is superior to the traditions of political conflict. Swansea has conferred its freedom on Mr. H. M. Stanley, who is a native of that town. Mr. Stanley signalled the occasion by delivering an important address on the commercial future of Africa.

Although it is generally understood that the Government intend to restore the privilege of public meeting in Trafalgar Square under certain conditions, an attempt is being made to organise a demonstration in the Square on Nov. 13 to celebrate the fifth anniversary of the famous struggle in which Mr. Cuninghame Graham's head was broken. The idea is not encouraged by representative Radicals, but it finds favour with the noisy section who would like to discredit the new regulations which are expected from Mr. Asquith.

No small commotion has been excited in the newspaper world by the sale of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The purchaser is understood to be Mr. Lowenfeld, the proprietor of a much advertised temperance drink. It is suggested that Mr. Lowenfeld is acting in conjunction with a number of financiers who want a new organ. Their ambition, it is said, led them to visit Printing House Square and propose to buy the *Times*. Foiled in that remarkable adventure, they made overtures to the *Daily News*, and were again surprised by an unwillingness to sell. Such zeal in newspaper enterprise ought to have great results, but whether these are to be reaped in finance or politics remains to be seen.

Two meetings of the Cabinet have been held, chiefly to consider the question of Uganda. Lord Rosebery has intimated to the British East Africa Company that the Government will bear the cost of postponing the contemplated evacuation from the end of the year till the end of March, on the understanding that the subsidy shall be used to "facilitate" withdrawal. This offer has been accepted by the company, but there is an expectation among the opponents of evacuation that some means will be found to prevent this step. An agitation against it has been started in the interests both of the company and of the Protestant missionaries, on whose behalf Bishop Smythies has made a vigorous appeal in the *Times*. Evacuation is denounced as the policy of "scuttle" by some of the Opposition journals; but, on the other hand, it is strongly supported by the Conservative *Globe*, and there seems some reason for the suggestion that Lord Salisbury is committed to it, though Mr. H. M. Stanley has been darkly hinting at the encouragement which the company received from the late Ministry.

Lord Houghton, the new Irish Viceroy, made his state entrance into Dublin under not unfavourable conditions, despite the refusal of the Corporation to present him with an address. The populace was friendly and cordial. Public attention in Ireland, however, is concentrated on Mr. Morley, whose Commission for inquiring into the condition of evicted tenants is welcomed by the Nationalists and criticised by the Parnellites. Mr. William O'Brien proclaims his readiness to meet his old enemy, Mr. Smith-Barry, in the witness-box, and declares that the Commission will vindicate the Plan of Campaign. Mr. T. W. Russell says this is "rhapsody." It is reported that thirty thousand fresh eviction notices have been issued, so there is no prospect that the Commission will have any lack of work. Mr. Morley has done nothing towards "clearing the Castle" of officials opposed to Home Rule, but a good many Nationalist magistrates have been appointed.

Mr. Linley Sambourne depicts in *Punch* the Duke of Argyll ascending Snowdon amidst forked lightning which flashes from the head of Mr. Gladstone on the summit. This is an amusing adaptation of a metaphor in one of the innumerable letters in which the Duke of Argyll is striving to confute his old chief. The other Liberal Unionist leaders are content to enjoy the lull in the party warfare, but nothing can quench the ducal thirst for the fray. Possibly, these exertions may have

stimulated Mr. Chamberlain to make a speech at a distribution of prizes to a number of sportsmen, and to rebuke the policy of scuttling out of our imperial responsibilities. Hardy exercise, he said, had made Englishmen the pioneers of the world, but as he confessed that he never took any exercise himself if he could help it, the attempt to improve the occasion for political purposes was scarcely happy.

Mr. Justin McCarthy has issued an appeal for funds to the Irish race throughout the world. The tone of this document is optimistic, and the writer treats the obstacles to Home Rule as of small account. The Lords, says Mr. McCarthy, are not likely to resist the popular will. But it is probable that they will hold the popular judgment in favour of Home Rule to have been very inadequately expressed, and will endeavour to remit the whole question to the constituencies, on the ground that Great Britain is opposed to the revolution.

Mr. Alderman Knill has been elected Lord Mayor of London in spite of the opposition of some ultra-Protestant Liverymen,

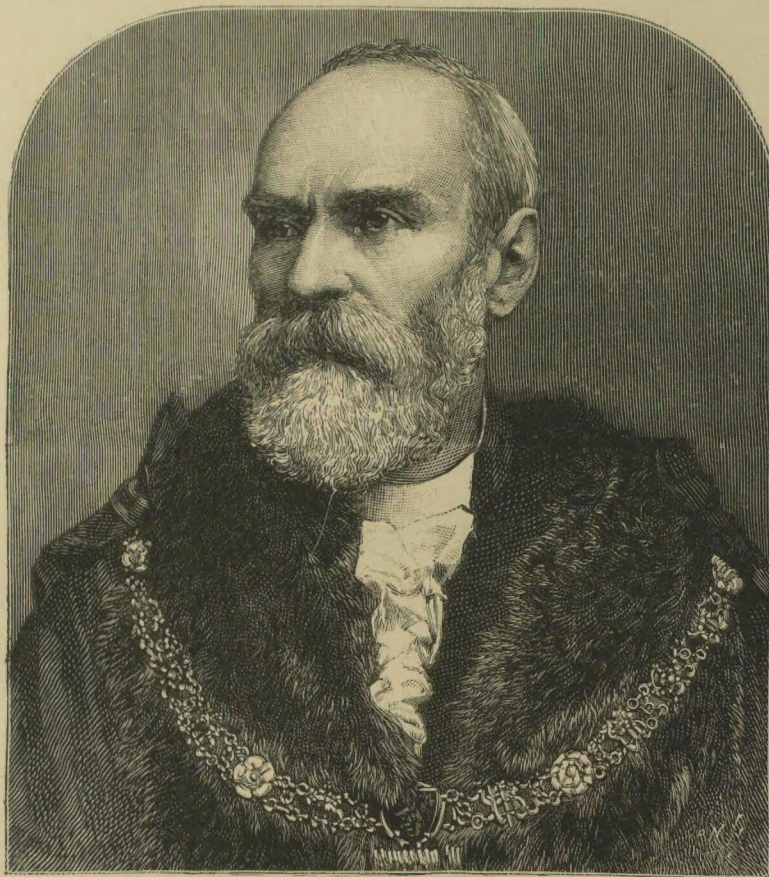


Photo by A. Bassano.

MR. ALDERMAN KNILL, THE NEW LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

who predicted that a Roman Catholic Mayor would rekindle the fires of Smithfield. One citizen drew an awful picture of gouty Protestant aldermen racked and thumbscrewed for the amusement of a horde of "foreign priests." Jesuits, it seems, will monopolise the Mansion House feasts during Mr. Knill's term of office and eat up all the turtle. The opposition to Mr. Knill was made all the more absurd by the circumstance that Mr. Alderman Phillips, the favourite candidate of the ultra-Protestants, is a Jew. True, he is ready to attend the ceremonial services at St. Paul's and other places of Christian worship, though how this concession to "ancient customs" could preserve the religious character of the Corporation is not intelligible.

The Emperor of Austria, on Oct. 2, at Buda-Pesth, received the delegates of the Austrian and Hungarian Diets, on the opening of their sessions; and, in his speech from the throne, stated that his relations with all the European Powers remained friendly, while the intimate union of Austria with her own allies maintained its salutary effect in preserving peace. He spoke of the commercial treaties with Germany, Italy, Switzerland, and Belgium, and of negotiations with Serbia for a similar purpose; also of the satisfactory progress made in the two provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina. The Austrian Prime Minister, Count Kalnoky, in a speech to the separate Austrian Delegation, stated that the relations between the Courts of Vienna and St. Petersburg were very friendly, and there were the most binding assurances from all Governments that no one contemplated a war of aggression. He referred to the consolidation of the Balkan States and to the progressive development of Bulgaria and of Greece.

A remarkable international competition in military horsemanship along the high road between Berlin and Vienna commenced on Sunday, Oct. 1; officers of the German and Austrian armies, to the number of two hundred, starting respectively from the one capital to the other, each one striving to ride the whole distance, 361 miles, in the shortest time, using one horse for the entire journey. The weather was very unfavourable, with much rain and fog, and the roads wet and slippery. The first Austrian officer to reach Berlin, at half-past nine on Tuesday morning, was Lieutenant von Miklós, of the 16th Hussars, who had done it in 74½ hours. The first to arrive from Berlin at the opposite goal, Florisdorf, near Vienna, was Prince Frederick Leopold of Prussia, who was 85½ hours on the road; but Lieutenant Heyl, who came in a few minutes later, rode the distance in 84 hours 25 minutes. The prize is £1000.

The German Army Bill, which proposes a reduction of the term of compulsory service for all classes of the people, but involves a very great increase of expenditure for training and for additional non-commissioned officers, from October next year to March 1899, has been communicated by the Prussian Minister of War to those of the other Federal States, previously to its being submitted to the Federal Council by the Chancellor of the German Empire.

The Parliament of the Kingdom of Denmark assembled at Copenhagen on Oct. 3, with a prospect of stubborn opposition to measures proposed by the Ministers of the Crown for military reorganisation and further defensive armaments, demanding an increase of the financial burthens on that small country. Questions of a similar nature, to come before the Swedish Diet Parliament on Oct. 17, are provoking much opposition.

The French special diplomatic mission to Morocco, conducted by Count d'Aubigny, arrived at Fez on Sept. 27, and was received with the same honours that were accorded to Sir Charles Euan-Smith on his arrival in that city. He has left Morocco on leave of absence.

The election of a General of the Society or "Company" of Jesus, to succeed the late Father Anderledy, was held on Saturday, Oct. 1, at the monastery of Loyola, at Azpetia, in the province of Guipuzcoa, Northern Spain. Father Martin, a Spaniard, formerly Rector of the University of Salamanca, subsequently Provincial of the Jesuits in Castile, and Secretary-General of the Society, is elected General.

In the Legislative Assembly of New South Wales, on Sept. 30, the vote of censure moved by Mr. Reid against the Ministry of Sir George Dibbs was negatived by a majority of four, 68 members voting for the Government and 64 with the Opposition. The leaders of the Broken Hill strike arrested for sedition are to be brought to trial.

From India it is reported that the force under Sir William Lockhart, sent against the turbulent tribes of the Black Mountain on the north-west frontier, has destroyed a Hassanzai village and captured two native chiefs. The Russian force of Colonel Yonoff has left the Pamir, where the severity of the climate would forbid it to stay in winter, and has returned to the Russian territory of Ferghana.

The French victory over the army of Behanzin, the King of Dahomey, appears to have been attended with the loss of only eleven men on the French side, while the enemy, whose force numbered about 4000, mostly armed with rifles, lost 1300 on the field. Colonel Dodds, the French commander, is expected to march on Abomey, the capital, which remains undefended.

An attempt to assassinate General Coello, the Captain-General of Seville, was made on Oct. 3 by a fanatical Republican, said to be a madman, who is a chemist in that city. The General got a revolver-bullet in his side, but his life is thought to be not in danger.

The Shereef Wazan of Morocco, a Mussulman prelate of high religious authority and temporal dignity, who married an Englishwoman some years ago, has died. X.

Myrtle Grove, Youghal, county Cork, formerly the property of Sir Walter Raleigh, is to be conveyed bodily over to Chicago, and, through the enterprise of our Transatlantic consuls, to be exhibited at the World's Fair. The notion is rather American, for the interest of historic buildings of this nature is to a great extent associated with their local surroundings. The price paid to the owner is said to be £1500. The property came into the hands of Raleigh in 1585 (soon after the return of Sir Walter's fleet from their second voyage to Virginia) through Queen Elizabeth, who formed a project, on the suppression of the Munster Rebellion, to repopulate the province with an English colony. This was done by cutting up the forfeited estates of the Earl of Desmond and apportioning them to those who had been instrumental in suppressing the rebellion. Raleigh's share was 12,000 acres in Cork and Waterford, which he planted at his own cost, and eventually sold to Richard Boyle, afterwards Earl of Cork. The house, however, through subsequent centuries changed hands, till it eventually came into the possession of the late Sir John Pope Hennessy. The place has an uncanny reputation among the neighbours, who declare that Sir Walter Raleigh's ghost is to be seen (though probably at different times) smoking, and holding his own head in his lap. It was here that the famous incident is said to have occurred of Sir Walter smoking a pipe, and thereby so alarming his servant (tobacco being then unknown) that the fellow threw the tankard of ale and nutmeg he was carrying in his master's face to put out the "fire."

COLUMBUS.

OCT. 12, 1492.

From his adventurous prime
He dreamed the dream sublime:
Over his wandering youth
It hung, a beckoning star.
At last the vision fled,
And left him in its stead
The scarce sublimer truth,
The world he found afar.

The scattered isles that stand
Warding the mightier land
Yielded their maidenhood
To his imperious prow.
The mainland within call
Lay vast and virginal:
In its blue porch he stood:
No more did fate allow.

No more! but ah! how much,
To be the first to touch
The veriest azure hem
Of that majestic robe!
Lord of the lordly sea,
Earth's mightiest sailor he:
Great Captain among them,
The captors of the globe.

When shall the world forget
Thy glory and our debt,
Indomitable soul,
Immortal Genoese?
Not while the shrewd salt gale
Whines amid shroud and sail,
Above the rhythmic roll
And thunder of the seas.

WILLIAM WATSON.

PERSONAL.

The vacancy in South Bedfordshire caused by Mr. Cyril Flowers' elevation to the Peckham has ended in a greatly diminished majority. In July, 5296 people voted for Mr. Cyril Flower, and 4277 for Colonel Duke. At the recent election Mr. Whitbread only secured 4838 votes, against 4596 polled for his Unionist opponent—a majority of 1019 being reduced to 242. The new member possesses a much-respected name, for he is the eldest son of Mr. Samuel Whitbread, the popular member for Bedford, and a member of the well-known brewing firm by his marriage with Lady Isabella Charlotte, daughter of the Earl of Chichester. The son is not entirely new to political life, for he fought a spirited battle in South Hunts at the General Election, and very nearly defeated Mr. Smith-Barry. He is thirty-four years old, is an Eton and Trinity College man, and speaks with some vigour, but was only just able to overbear a strong local influence.



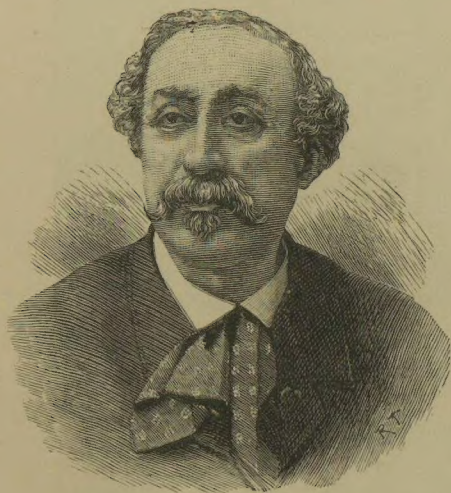
MR. HOWARD WHITBREAD, M.P.

A dramatic change has just been announced in the history of a newspaper which has already been the subject of more than one startling transformation. The *Pall Mall Gazette* has once more passed from one proprietor to another. Mr. Yates Thompson, the present owner, has sold his interest to a number of gentlemen, the representative of whom is supposed to be Mr. Lowenfeld, a name better known in the City than in literary circles. The price is understood to have been a very high one and to have been paid without any examination of the books of the paper. It takes effect from the middle of this month. It is considered probable that before long the paper will be changed from a Liberal to a Liberal Unionist organ, but there is not likely to be any immediate alteration of tone.

The origin of the paper, which has an historic place in English journalism, is, curiously enough, to be found in Thackeray's "Pendennis." The title, which Thackeray invented in a sportive moment, was adopted in good earnest by Mr. George Smith, the great publisher. Mr. Smith handed over the paper to Mr. Thompson on that gentleman's marriage with his daughter. The first sign of Mr. Thompson's proprietorship was given when Mr. Frederick Greenwood, the first editor, was replaced by Mr. John Morley, who turned it into a Liberal organ with a certain independent and rather advanced note. When Mr. Morley went definitely into political life he was succeeded by Mr. Stead, and he, in turn, by Mr. E. T. Cook, the former assistant editor.

Mr. Cook has given to the *Pall Mall* a certain stateliness of tone which it entirely lacked during Mr. Stead's editorship, and he has made it more of a regular party organ. He has especially developed the educational side of the paper, and under his management the *Pall Mall* has always been singularly bright, suggestive, and well informed. The system of issuing "extras" on the topics of the day, which was founded by Mr. Stead, has been greatly extended by his successor, and the use of illustrations has to some extent been developed. There have been fewer sensations, but the paper has always touched a sound level of capacity and interest. Mr. Cook is a quiet but forcible man, who is seen more at his desk than in London life. He writes a good deal for the paper he directs, in addition to the undivided burden of editorship.

France has lost a literary and artistic figure of some importance by the death of M. Hector Crémieux. M. Crémieux's death would have caused more sensation had it occurred when his fame was at its height. Of late he has been engaged in business, and was involved in some financial losses. Finally he committed suicide, shooting himself with a revolver after a period of great depression, which threatened to end in actual madness. M. Crémieux was born as far back as 1823, and his chief title to remembrance rests on the fact that he wrote the libretto to some of Offenbach's best-known works, including "Geneviève de Brabant." When the Empire fell M. Crémieux went somewhat out of vogue; but some years ago he revived his old successes with "L'Abbé Constantin," which had a considerable run at the Gymnase.



THE LATE M. HECTOR CRÉMIEUX.

Another Churchman especially honoured among Evangelicals has been taken from us by the death of Prebendary

Bassett, Vicar of Dulverton. Francis Tilney Bassett was born in February 1827, of an old Norfolk family, and grew up under the shadow of Norwich Cathedral. From Norwich Grammar School—where Professor Stanley Leathes was his contemporary—he went to Caius, Cambridge, where he obtained a scholarship. He graduated, however, without honours, owing to an attack of rheumatic fever, by which he nearly lost his life. He was ordained deacon by Wilberforce in 1852, and served his only curacy in Berkshire, with Valpy, the old head of Eton. For some years Mr. Bassett worked for the Jews' Society, and then he settled down at Bath, where he took pupils. In 1872 he accepted the Vicarage of Dulverton, and in 1885 was given a prebendal stall at Wells. Mr. Bassett was a man of wide culture and of some literary power, a confirmed student, yet a faithful parish priest and an able preacher.

The presence of the Church Congress at Folkestone this week is in no small degree due to the Rev. Matthew Woodward, the Vicar. Every visitor to Folkestone knows the parish church. Some admire, some condemn, the ornate character of its interior, but all acknowledge that it witnesses to the zeal of a singularly successful incumbent. Mr. Woodward began life, as other successful clergymen have, in business; but during his apprenticeship in Liverpool Mr. Woodward worked hard as a layman in the parish of Canon Fallow. He then entered St. Aidan's College, Birkenhead, being at this time regarded as a devout Evangelical. But Mr. Woodward's views developed, and on being ordained in 1849 he became curate of Hythe. The then Archbishop of Canterbury sent him to Folkestone in 1857, and gave him a Lambeth degree. Mr. Woodward has left his mark upon the Church life of Folkestone. He has restored the parish church, and secured the building of others; he has been a popular missionary, and a public testimonial has marked the esteem in which his townsmen hold him.

The Weimar golden wedding, on Oct. 8, the fiftieth anniversary of the marriage of the Grand Duke Karl Alexander to the Grand Duchess Sophie, who was a Dutch princess, daughter of William II. of Orange-Nassau, King of the Netherlands, and of Queen Anna Paulowna, a Russian Grand Duchess, is an interesting family celebration among German

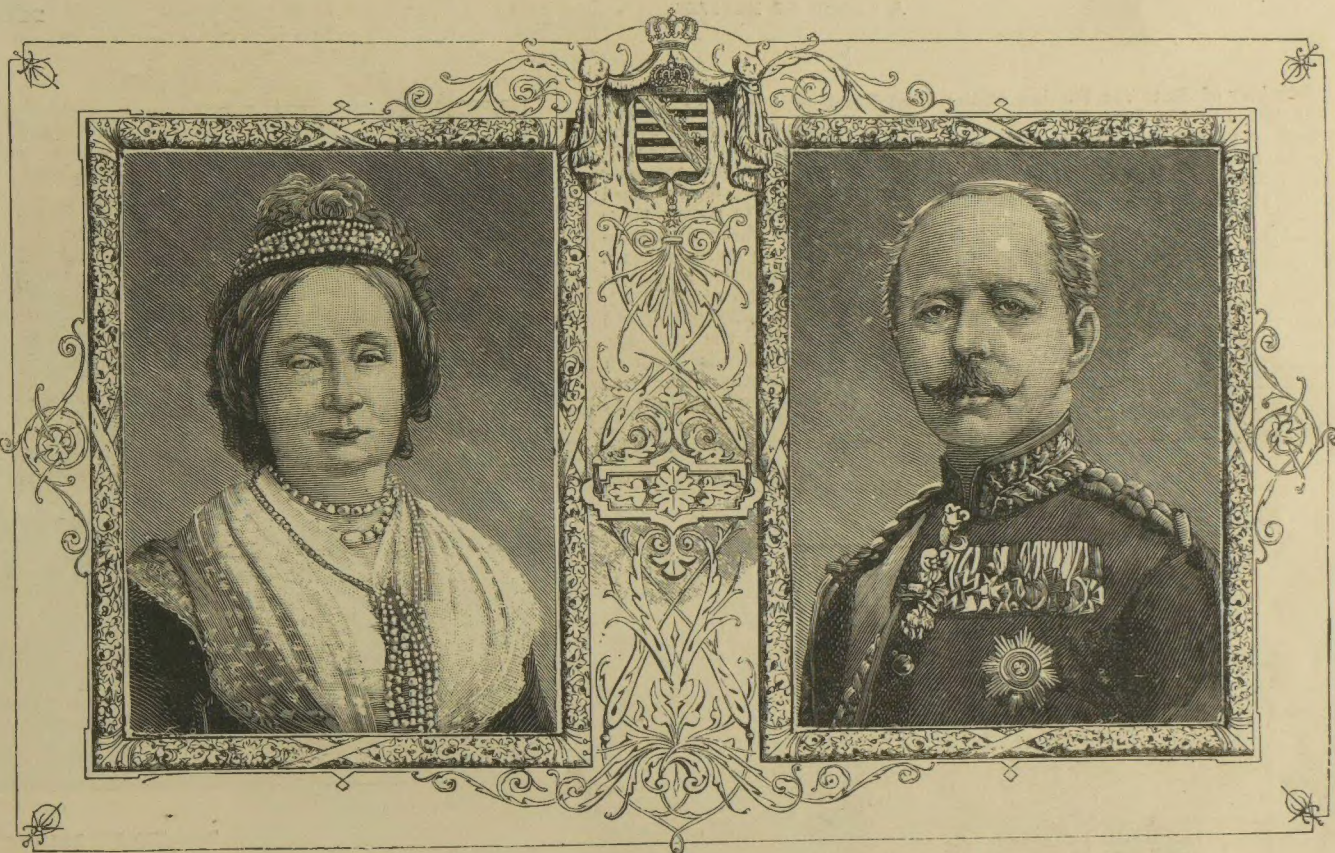
itself to any study taken from life, for it is an open secret that the priest whom Daudet took for his hero was L'Abbé Bauer, the one-time chaplain to the Empress Eugénie. Curiously enough, although the unfrocked priest has become, so to speak, Ernest Daudet's specialty, he is a good Catholic, and was brought up in one of the big Jesuit colleges.

A very pretty wedding, and one of particular interest to the admirers of a distinguished novelist, took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on Tuesday, Oct. 4. The bridegroom was Mr. William Maxse Meredith, only son of Mr. George Meredith, and the bride was Miss Margaret (Daisy) Elliot, daughter of the late Mr. Ralph Elliot, and granddaughter of Sir George Elliot, Bart. The service was fully choral, and the bride and bridesmaids—one of whom was Miss Marie Meredith, Mr. Meredith's only daughter—were met at the main door by the choir. The officiating clergyman was the Ven. Archdeacon Farrar, who was assisted by the Rev. E. D. Wickham, Vicar of Holmwood, Surrey. Mr. George Meredith was present, and the other relatives and intimate friends included Sir George Elliot, Sir Frederick Pollock, Sir Thomas Farrer, and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Palmer. The bridegroom is a civil engineer, and has already attained to some distinction in his profession.

One at least of the two remarkable entertainments which have enjoyed so great a success at the West-End of London is coming to an end well-nigh immediately: Buffalo Bill leaves us on Oct. 12—he says, "for ever." He sails with his company on Oct. 15; but no doubt many of his English admirers will see him again at the Chicago Exhibition. Meanwhile, his rival, Mr. Kiralfy of "Venice in London," seems likely to go on for ever. The five-hundredth performance of "Venice, the Bride of the Sea"—unquestionably one of the most magnificent stage spectacles of modern times—will take place on Oct. 13, when several new features will be added to the entertainment.

OUR PORTRAITS.

For the portraits in this issue we are indebted to the following photographers: to Messrs. Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, for



THE GRAND DUKE AND DUCHESS OF SAXE-WEIMAR.

reigning houses. The wedded pair, who are cousins—the mother of Karl Alexander having been Grand Duchess Maria Paulowna of Russia—have lived together at Weimar in exemplary harmony, and are justly held in esteem by all their subjects and neighbours. The Grand Duchess of Weimar presides over a ladies' society for charitable works, doing much for the relief of poverty and sickness, the maintenance and superintendence of hospitals and schools, and other beneficent objects. She is widely versed in literature, and preserves with special care the relics and memorials of Goethe and Schiller which render Weimar so interesting a place for students of German poetry to visit. Her husband, who has reigned since 1853, is seventy-four years of age; she is six years younger. The Crown Prince Karl August, born in 1824, is married, and has two sons. A daughter of the Grand Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Weimar is the wife of Prince Henry of Reuss; another is Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin.

Sir Richard Owen has a wonderfully fine constitution. Not only has the affection of the throat from which the venerable naturalist suffered a short time since entirely disappeared, but he is able to take a considerable quantity of nourishment in the shape of soups, new milk, &c. Sir Richard is still too weak to leave his bed, but he is entirely free from any physical suffering, save the feeling of extreme weakness. He is wonderfully happy and cheerful, and converses with his daughter-in-law (who has been for so long his devoted nurse) and grandchildren quite rationally. His memory is, however, fast failing him, and though he is extremely fond of looking at and reading the picture papers, particularly the *Illustrated London News*, he remembers but little of what he has seen and read a few hours afterwards. Sir Richard is in his eighty-seventh year, not his ninetieth, as has been stated in several journals lately.

M. Ernest Daudet, from whose novel "Le Déroqué, un Drame Parisien," the play acted with such success in Paris last week, was taken, is the elder brother of the author of "Sapho," "L'Immortel," and "Le Nabab." In his "Treize Ans de Paris" Alphonse Daudet gives a charming picture of himself and Ernest in their early youth. Although the younger's fame has entirely overshadowed the elder, the two brothers are most tenderly attached to one another, and have constantly helped each other with their work. Daudet ainé is a powerful, determined-looking man, of some sixty years of age. His only great literary success was "Le Déroqué," which had in it much of the interest which always attaches

those of Archdeacon Emery, Rev. Dr. Jessopp, and Mr. Howard Whitbread, M.P.; to Messrs. Russell and Sons, Baker Street, for that of the Archbishop of Canterbury; to Mr. Fall, Baker Street, for that of the Rev. Llewelyn Davies; to Mr. S. A. Walker, Regent Street, for that of Bishop Smythies; to Mr. Vandyk, Gloucester Road, for that of Miss Snell; to Mr. Urbinsky, of Norwich, for those of the Sheriff and Mrs. Reeve; to Messrs. Gavin and Banger, of Norwich, for that of the Mayor of that town; and to Mr. G. Camus, of Paris, for that of the late M. Hector Crémieux.

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By JAMES GLAISHER, F.R.S., &c.

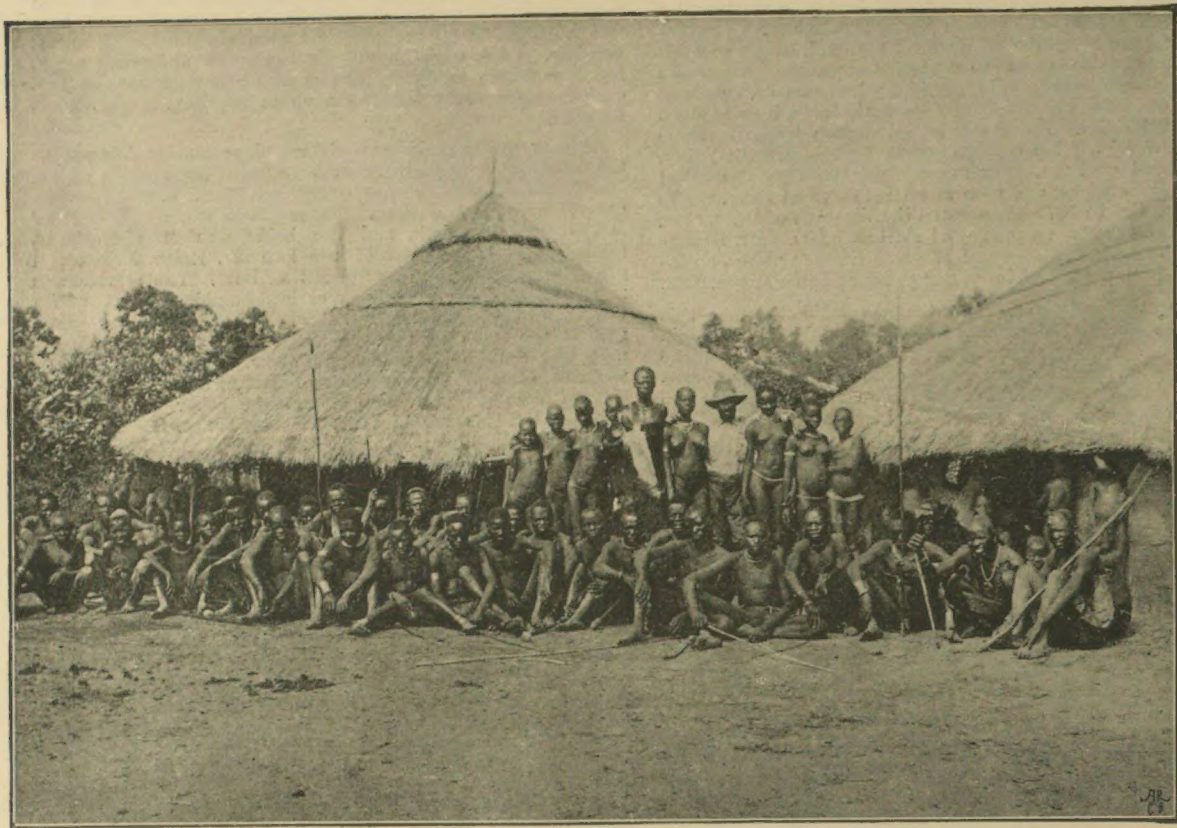
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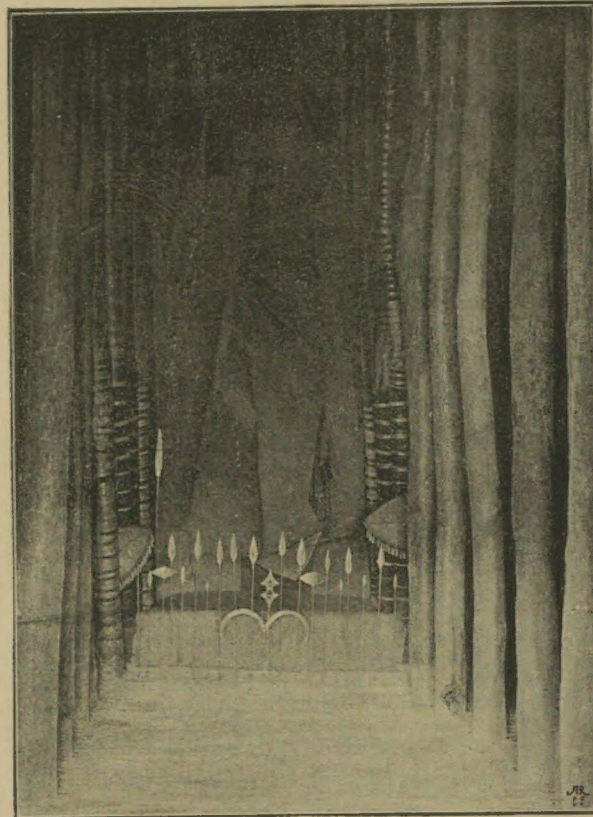
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A GROUP OF NATIVES.

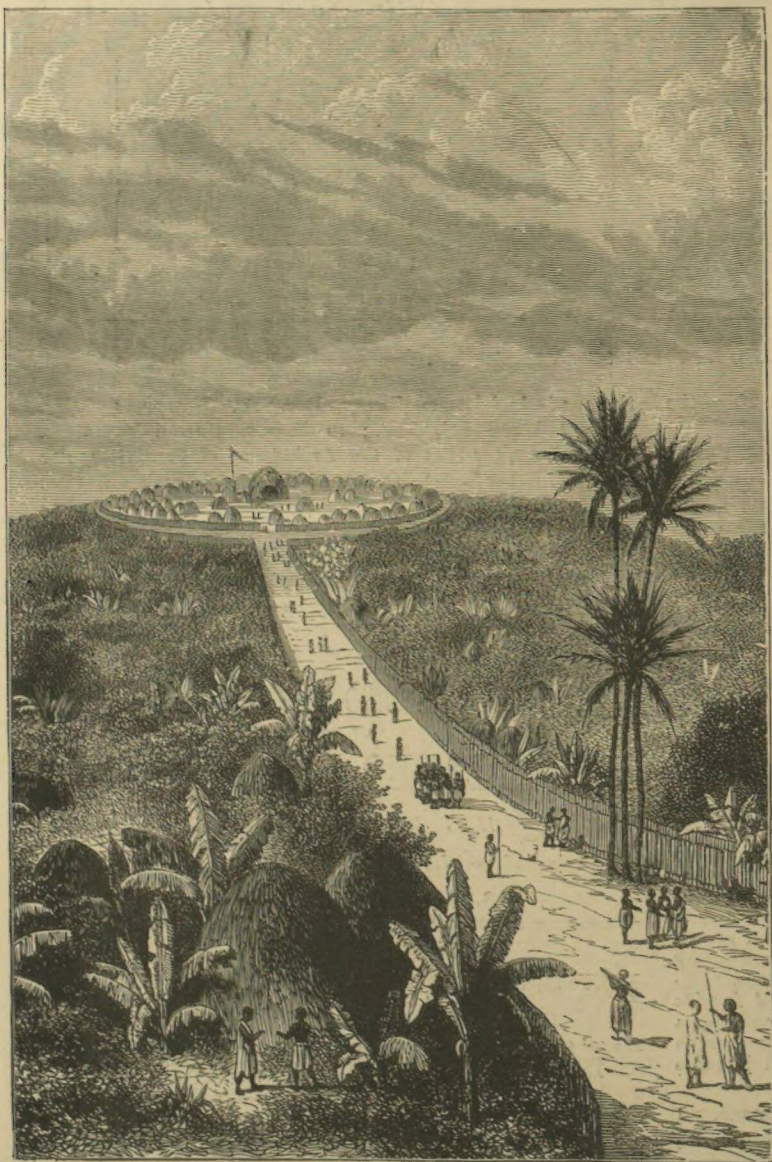


THE GRAVE OF MTESA, LATE KING OF UGANDA.

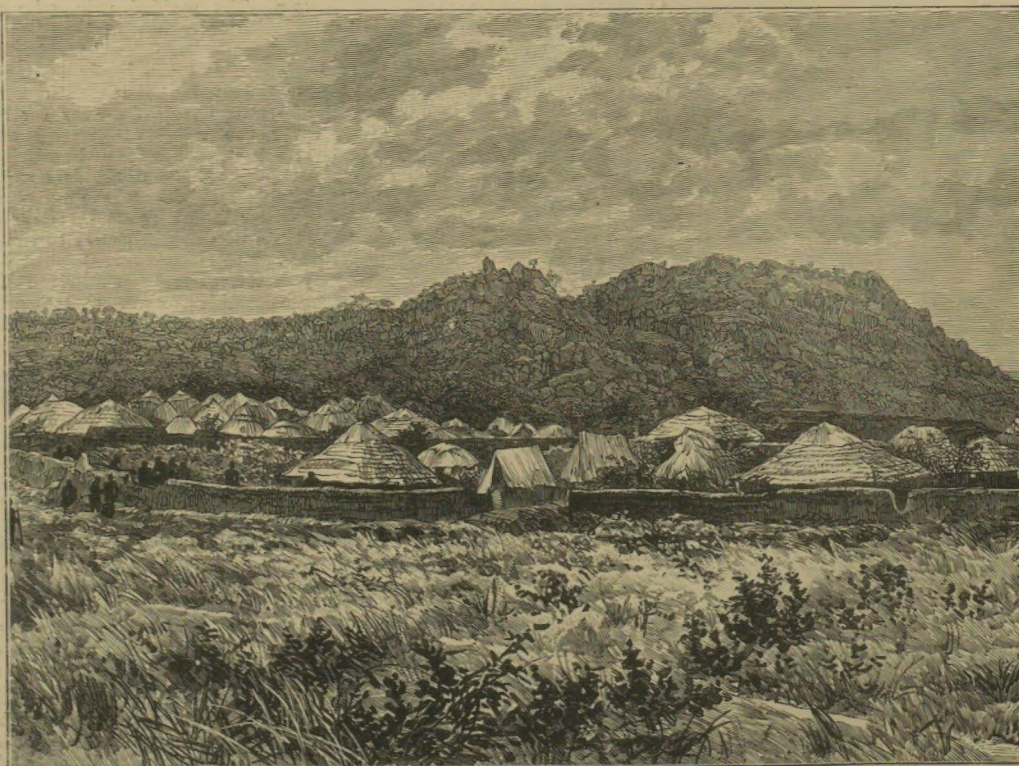
The Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Lord Rosebery, in a letter of Sept. 30, announced to the Imperial British East Africa Company that our Government offers a pecuniary contribution during three months, up to March 31, on a scale not exceeding that of the present expenditure, to assist the company in safely effecting the evacuation of Uganda. On Monday, Oct. 3, at a board meeting of the directors of the company, it was resolved to accept these proposals. The native Kingdom, or Empire, which extends along the north-western shores of Lake Victoria Nyanza, and comprises five provinces, has a highly organised political constitution, not unlike those of European kingdoms under the feudal system of the Middle Ages. King Mtesa, who died in 1884, was succeeded by his son, King Mwanga, who still reigns. Agents of the Church Missionary Society were sent to Uganda in 1873; the late Mr. Alexander Mackay, who went out in 1876, stayed there until his death in February 1892. The royal tomb shown in one of our illustrations was constructed by Mr. Mackay. We refer readers to the interesting biography of this devoted lay missionary, published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton; also to another book, "Two Kings of Uganda," by R. P. Ashe (Sampson Low and Co.).



THE KING'S PALACE AT UGANDA.



THE CAPITAL OF UGANDA.



A VILLAGE OF UGANDA.

THE PURSUIT OF THE WELL-BELOVED

A SKETCH OF A TEMPERAMENT.

BY THOMAS HARDY.

AUTHOR OF "FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD,"

"TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES," &c.

CHAPTER IV. (Continued.)

THE LONELY PEDESTRIAN.

When the boy had gone Jocelyn retraced his steps to the last lamp, and read, in Avie's hand—

"My Dearest,—I shall be sorry if I grieve you at all, but I have thought over your inquiry, and cannot agree to conform to the old pagan custom (or whatever it is) of the isle. I did not expect you to ask me so suddenly, or I should have been more positive at the time it was mentioned. As I am quite aware that you merely asked, and did not press me, I know that this decision will not disturb you for long, that you will understand my feelings, and, above all, think the better of me in time to come.

"And if we were unfortunate in the trial of it we could never marry, could we, honourably? This is an objection which I am sure you have not thought of, and will, I know, share with me.

"I am sorry that the custom, uncivilised as it is, which has prevailed in our families on both sides for so many centuries should thus be brought to an end by me, and I am the more sorry in that it prevents my bidding you farewell. However, you will come again soon, will you not, dear Jocelyn? and then the time will soon draw on when no more farewells will be required.—Always and ever yours, "AVIE."

Jocelyn, having read the letter, pondered awhile: and then, finding that the evening seemed louring, yet feeling indisposed to go back and hire a vehicle, he went on quickly alone. In such an exposed spot the night wind was gusty, and the sea behind the pebble barrier kicked and flounced in complex rhythms, which could be translated equally well as shocks of battle or shouts of thanksgiving.

Presently on the pale road before him he discerned a figure, the figure of a woman. He remembered that a woman passed him while he was reading Avie's letter by the last lamp, and now he was overtaking her.

He did hope for a moment that it might be Avie, with a changed mind. But it was not she, nor anybody like her. It was a taller, squarer form than that of his betrothed, and, although the season was only autumn, she was wrapped in furs, or in thick and heavy clothing of some kind.

He soon advanced abreast of her, and could get glimpses of her profile against the roadstead lights. It was dignified, arresting, that of a very Juno. Nothing more classical had he ever seen. She walked at a swinging pace, yet with such ease and power that there was but little difference in their rate of speed for several minutes; and during this time he regarded and conjectured. However, he was about to pass her by when she suddenly turned and addressed him.

"Mr. Pearston, I think, of East Wake?"

He assented, and could just discern what a handsome, commanding, imperious face it was—quite of a piece with the proud tones of her voice. She was a new type altogether in his experience; and her accent was not so local as Avie's.

"Can you tell me the time, please?"

He looked at his watch by the aid of a light, and in telling her that it was a quarter past seven observed, by the momentary gleam of his match, that her eyes looked a little red and chafed, as if with weeping.

"Mr. Pearston, will you forgive what will appear very strange to you, I dare say? That is, may I ask you to lend me some money for a day or two? I have been so foolish as to leave my purse on the dressing-table at home."

It did appear strange: and yet there were features in the young lady's personality which assured him in a moment that she was not an impostor. He yielded to her request, and put his hand in his pocket. Here it remained for a moment. How much did she mean by the words "some money." The



He looked at his watch by the aid of a light.

Junoian quality of her form and manner made him throw himself by an impulse into harmony with her, and he responded regally. He scented a romance. He handed her five pounds.

His munificence caused her no apparent surprise. "It is quite enough, thank you," she remarked quietly, as he announced the sum, lest she should be unable to see it for herself.

While overtaking and conversing with her he had not observed that the rising wind, which had proceeded from puffing to growling, and from growling to screeching, with the accustomed suddenness of its changes here, had at length brought what it promised by these vagaries—rain. The drops, which at first hit their left cheeks like the pellets of a pop-gun, soon assumed the character of a raking fusillade from the bank adjoining, one shot of which was sufficiently smart to go through Jocelyn's sleeve. The tall girl turned, and seemed to be somewhat concerned at an onset which she had plainly not foreseen before her starting.

"We must take shelter," said Jocelyn.

"But where?" said she.

To windward was the long, monotonous bank, too obtusely piled to afford a screen, over which they could hear the canine crunching of pebbles by the sea without; on their right stretched the inner bay or roadstead, the distant riding lights now dim and glimmering; behind them a faint spark here and there in the lower sky showed where the island rose; before there was nothing definite, and could be nothing, till they reached a house by the bridge, a mile farther on, Henry the Eighth's Castle being a little farther still.

But just within the summit of the bank, whither it had apparently been hauled to be out of the way of the waves, was one of the local boats called *lerrets*, bottom upwards. As soon as they saw it the pair ran up the pebbly slope towards it by a simultaneous impulse. They then perceived that it had lain there a long time, and were comforted to find it capable of affording more protection than anybody would have expected in a distant view. It formed a shelter or store for the fishermen, the bottom of the *lerret* being tarred as a roof. By creeping under the bows, which overhung the bank to leeward, they made their way within, where, upon some thwart, oars, and other fragmentary woodwork, lay a mass of dry netting—a whole seine. Upon this they scrambled and sat down, through inability to stand upright.

CHAPTER V.

A CHARGE.

The rain fell upon the keel of the old *lerret* like corn thrown in handfuls by some colossal sower, and darkness set in to its full shade.

They sat so close to each other that he could feel her furs against him. Neither had spoken since they left the roadway till she said, with attempted unconcern: "This is unfortunate."

He admitted that it was, and found, after a few further remarks had passed, that she certainly had been weeping, there being a suppressed gasp of passionateness in her utterance now and then.

"It is more unfortunate for you, perhaps, than for me," he said, "and I am very sorry that it should be so."

She replied nothing to this, and he added that it was rather a desolate place for a woman, alone and afoot. . . . He hoped nothing serious had happened to drag her out at such an untoward time.

At first she seemed not at all disposed to show any candour on her own affairs, and he was left to conjecture as to her history and name and how she could possibly have known him. But, as the rain gave not the least sign of cessation, he observed: "I think we shall have to return."

"Never!" said she, and the firmness with which she closed her lips was audible in the word.

"Why not?" he inquired.

"There are good reasons."

"I cannot understand how you should know me, while I have no knowledge of you."

"Oh, you know me—about me, at least."

"Indeed, I don't. How should I? You are a kimberlin."

"I am not. I am an islander—or was, rather. . . . Haven't you heard of the Best-Bed Stone Company?"

"I should think so! They tried to ruin my father by getting away his trade—or, at least, the founder of the company did—old Bencomb."

"He's my father!"

"Indeed. I am sorry I should have spoken so disrespectfully of him, for I never knew him personally. After making over his large business to the company, he retired, I believe, to London?"

"Yes. Our house, or rather his, not mine, is at South Kensington. We have lived there for years. But we have been tenants of the New Castle, on the island here, this season. We took it for a month or two of the owner, who is away."

"Then I have been staying quite near you, Miss Bencomb. My father's is a comparatively humble residence hard by."

"But he could afford a much bigger one if he chose."

"You have heard so? I don't know. He doesn't tell me much of his affairs."

"My father," she burst out suddenly, "is always scolding me for my extravagance! And he has been doing it to-day more than ever. He said I go shopping to simply a diabolical extent, and exceed my allowance!"

"Was that this evening?"

"Yes. And then it reached such a storm of passion between us that I pretended to retire to my room for the rest of the evening, but I slipped out; and I am never going back home again."

"What will you do?"

"I shall go first to my aunt in London; and if she won't have me, I'll work for a living. I have left my father for ever!

What I should have done if I had not met you I cannot tell—I must have walked all the way to London, I suppose. Now I shall take the train as soon as I reach the mainland."

"If you ever do in this hurricane."

"I must sit here till it ceases."

And there on the nets they sat. Pearston knew of old Bencomb as his father's bitterest enemy, who had made a great fortune by swallowing up the small stone-merchants, but had found Jocelyn's sire a trifle too big to digest—the latter being, in fact, the chief rival of the Best-Bed Company to that day. Jocelyn thought it strange that he should be thrown by fate into a position to play the son of the Montagues to this daughter of the Capulets.

As they talked there was a mutual instinct to drop their voices, and on this account the roar of the storm necessitated their drawing quite close to each other. Something tender came into their tones as time went on, and they forgot the lapse of time. It was quite late when she started up, alarmed at her position.

"Rain or no rain, I stay no longer," she said.

"Do come back," said he, taking her hand. "I'll return with you. My train has gone."

"No; I shall go on, and get a lodging in Budmouth town, if ever I reach it."

"It is so late that there will be no house open, except a little place near the station where you won't care to stay. However, if you are determined I will show you the way. I cannot leave you. It would be too awkward for you to go there alone."

She persisted, and they started through the twanging and spinning storm. The sea rolled and rose so high on their left, and was so near them on their right, that it seemed as if they were traversing its bottom like the children of Israel. Nothing but the frail bank of pebbles divided them from the raging gulf without, and at every bang of the tide against it the ground shook, the shingle clashed, the spray rose vertically, and was blown over their heads. Quantities of sea-water trickled through the pebble wall, and ran in rivulets across their path to join the sea within.

They had not realised the force of the elements till now. Pedestrians had often been blown into the sea hereabout and drowned, owing to a sudden breach in the bank, which, however, had something of a spectral quality in being able to close up and join itself together again after any disruption. Her clothing offered more resistance to the wind than his, and she was consequently in the greater danger.

It was impossible to refuse his proffered aid. First he gave his arm, but the wind tore them apart as easily as coupled cherries. He steadied her bodily by encircling her waist with his arm; and she made no objection.

Somewhere about this time—it might have been sooner, it might have been later—he became distinctly conscious of a sensation which, in its incipient and unrecognised form, had lurked within him from some unnoticed moment when he was sitting close to her under the *lerret*. Though a young man, he was too old a hand not to know what this was, and felt considerably alarmed. It meant a possible migration of the Well-Beloved. It had not, however, taken place; and he went on thinking how soft and warm she was in her fur covering, as he held her so tightly; the only dry spots in the clothing of either being her left side and his right, where they excluded the rain by their mutual pressure.

As soon as they had crossed the ferry-bridge there was a little more shelter, but he did not relinquish his hold till she requested him. They passed the ruined castle, and having left the island far behind them drew near to the outskirts of the neighbouring watering-place. Into it they plodded without pause, crossing the harbour bridge about midnight, wet to the skin.

He pitied her, and, while he wondered at it, admired her determination. The houses facing the bay now sheltered them completely, and they reached the vicinity of the railway terminus (which it was at this date) without difficulty. As he had said, there was only one house open hereabout, a little temperance hotel, where the people stayed up for the arrival of the morning mail and passengers from the Channel boat. Their application for admission led to the withdrawal of a bolt, and they stood within the gaslight of the modern world.

He could see now that though she was such a fine figure, quite as tall as himself, she was not much more than a school-girl in years. Her face was certainly striking, though rather by its imperiousness than its beauty; and the beating of the wind and rain and spray had inflamed her cheeks to peony hues.

She persisted in the determination to go on to London by an early morning train, and he therefore offered advice on lesser matters only. "In that case," he said, "you must go on to your room and send down your things, that they may be dried by the fire immediately, or they will not be ready. I will tell the servant to do this, and send you up something to eat."

She assented to his proposal, without, however, showing any marks of gratitude, and when she had gone Pearston dispatched her the light supper promised by the sleepy girl who was "night porter" at this establishment. He felt ravenously hungry himself, and set about drying his clothes as well as he could, and eating at the same time.

At first he was in doubt what to do, but soon decided to stay where he was till the morning. By the aid of some temporary wraps and some slippers from the cupboard, he was contriving to make himself comfortable when the maid-servant came downstairs with a damp armful of woman's raiment.

Pearston withdrew from the fire. The maid-servant knelt down before the blaze and held up with extended arms one of the habiliments of the Juno upstairs, from which a cloud of steam began to rise. As she knelt, the girl nodded forward, recovered herself, and nodded again.

"You are sleepy, my girl," said Pearston.

"Yes, Sir; I have been up a long time. When nobody comes I lie down on the couch in the other room."

"Then I'll relieve you of that; go and lie down in the other room, just as if we were not here. I'll dry the clothing and put the articles here in a heap, which you can take up to the young lady in the morning."

The "night porter" thanked him and left the room, and he soon heard her snoring from the adjoining apartment. Then Jocelyn opened proceedings, overhauling the mystic robes and extending them one by one. As the steam went up he fell into a delicious reverie, and regarded the fair white linen that screened his face from the fire with a curious interest. His eyes traced the pattern of the wondrous flowers and leaves in the delicate lace-work, the wheels, rockets, quatrefoils, and spirals of the embroidery, all the while that their owner above was little thinking of the care he was taking that she should not get cold. The fabrics seemed almost part and parcel of her queenly person. He again became conscious of the germ with which he had been impregnated. The Well-Beloved was moving house—had gone over to the wearer of this attire.

He kissed each of the articles of apparel, and in the course of ten minutes adored her.

And how about little Avice Caro? He did not think of her as before.

He was not sure that he had ever seen the Well-Beloved in that friend of his youth, solicitous as he was for her welfare. But, loving her or not, he perceived that the spirit, emanation, idealism, which called itself his Love was flitting stealthily from some remoter figure to the near one in the chamber overhead.

But he must carry out his engagement to marry Avice. True, she had not kept her engagement to meet him this evening, and the irrevocable ratification of their betrothal had not been reached. Still, he was bound to marry her.

CHAPTER VI.

ON THE BRINK.

Miss Bencomb was leaving the hotel for the station, which was quite near at hand. At Jocelyn's suggestion she wrote a telegram to inform her father that she had gone to her aunt's, with a view to allaying anxiety and deterring pursuit. They walked together to the platform and bade each other good-bye; each obtained a ticket independently, and Jocelyn got his luggage from the cloak-room.

On the platform they encountered each other again, and there was a light in their glances at each other which said, as by a flash telegraph: "We are bound for the same town, why not enter the same compartment?"

They did.

She took a corner seat, with her back to the engine; he sat opposite. The guard looked in, thought they were lovers, and did not show other travellers into that compartment. They talked on strictly ordinary matters; what she thought he did not know, but at every stopping station he dreaded intrusion. Before they were halfway to London the event he had just begun to realise was a patent fact. The Beloved was again embodied; she filled every fibre and curve of this woman's form. His heart had clean gone out to her.

Drawing near Waterloo Bridge Station was like drawing near Doomsday. How should he leave her in the turmoil of a London street? She seemed quite unprepared for the rattle of the scene. He asked her where her aunt lived.

"Bayswater," said Miss Bencomb.

He called a cab, and proposed that she should share it till they arrived at her aunt's, whose residence lay not much out of the way to his own. Try as he would he could not ascertain if she understood his feelings, but she assented to his offer and entered the vehicle.

"We are old friends," he said, as they drove onward.

"Indeed, we are," she answered, without smiling.

"But hereditarily we are mortal enemies, dear Juliet."

"Yes—What did you say?"

"I said Juliet."

She laughed in a half-proud way, and murmured: "Your father is my father's enemy, and my father is mine. Yes, it is so." And then their eyes caught each other's glance. "My queenly darling!" he burst out; "instead of going to your aunt's, will you come and marry me?"

A flush covered her over, which seemed akin to a flush of rage. It was not exactly that, but she was excited. She did not answer, and he feared he had mortally offended her dignity. Perhaps she had only made use of him as a convenient aid to her intentions. However, he went on—

"Your father would not be able to reclaim you, then? After all, this is not so precipitate as it seems. You know all about me, my history, my prospects. I know all about you. Our families have been neighbours on that isle for hundreds of years, though you are now such a London product."

"Will you ever be a Royal Academician?" she asked musingly, her excitement having calmed down.

"I hope to be—I *will* be, if you will be my wife."

She looked at him long.

"Think what a short way out of your difficulty this would be," he replied. "No bother about aunts, no fetching home by an angry father."

It seemed to decide her. She yielded to his embrace.

"How long will it take to marry?" Miss Bencomb asked, with obvious self-repression.

"We could do it to-morrow. I could get to Doctors' Commons by noon to-day, and the license would be ready by to-morrow morning."

"I won't go to my aunt's; I will be an independent woman. I have been reprimanded as if I were a child of six. I'll be your wife if it is as easy as you say."

They stopped the cab while they held a consultation. Pearston had rooms and a studio in the neighbourhood of Campden Hill; but it would be hardly desirable to take her thither till they were married. They decided to go to an hotel.

Changing their direction, therefore, they went back to the Strand, and soon ensconced themselves as Mr. and Miss

Pearston in one of the establishments off that thoroughfare. Jocelyn then left her and proceeded on his errand eastward.

It was about three o'clock when, having arranged all preliminaries necessitated by this sudden change of front, he began strolling slowly back; he felt bewildered, and to walk was a relief. Gazing occasionally into this shop window and that, he called a hansom as by an inspiration, and directed the driver to "Mellstock Gardens." Arrived here, he rang the bell of a studio, and in a minute or two it was answered by a young man in shirt-sleeves, about his own age, with a great square palette on his left thumb.

"Oh, you, Pearston! I thought you were in the country. Come in. I'm awfully glad to see you. I am here in town finishing off a painting for an American customer, who wants to take it back with him."

Pearston followed his friend into the painting-room, where a pretty young woman was sitting sewing. At a signal from the painter she disappeared without speaking.

"I can see from your face you have something to say; so we'll have it all to ourselves. What'll you drink?"

"Oh! it doesn't matter what, so that it is alcohol in some

"All right—I'll say one man, this man only, if you are so particular. The Beloved of this one man, then, has had many incarnations—too many to describe in detail. Each shape, or embodiment, has been a temporary residence only, into which she has entered, lived in a while, and made her exit from, leaving the substance, so far as I have been concerned, a corpse. Now, there is no spiritualistic nonsense in this—it is simple fact, put in the plain form that the correct and conventional public are afraid of. So much for the principle."

"Good. Go on."

"Well; the first embodiment of her occurred, so nearly as I can recollect, when I was about the age of nine. Her vehicle was a little blue-eyed girl of eight or so, one of a family of eleven, with flaxen hair about her shoulders, which attempted to curl, but ignominiously failed, hanging like chimney-crooks only. This defect used rather to trouble me; and, in short, was, I believe, one of the main reasons of my Beloved's departure from that tenement. I cannot remember with any exactness when the departure occurred. I know it was after I had kissed my little friend in a garden-seat on a hot noontide, under a Chinese umbrella, which we had opened over us as we

were not to be gathered so cursorily. However, there sat my coveted one, re-embodied; and, bidding my schoolmates a hasty farewell as soon as I could do so without suspicion, I hurried along the Esplanade in the direction she and her father had ridden. But they had put their horses to a canter, and I could not see which way they had gone. In the greatest misery I turned down a side street, but was soon elevated to a state of excitement by seeing the same pair galloping towards me. Flushing up to my hair, I stopped and heroically faced her as she passed. She smiled again, but, alas! upon my Love's cheek there was no blush of passion for me."

Pearston paused, and drank from his glass, as he lived for a brief moment in the scene he had conjured up.

(To be continued.)

"She," the Zoutpansberg chieftainess, who is supposed to have supplied Mr. Rider Haggard's heroine, has been seen and interviewed. Commandant Henning Pretorius was the fortunate man, and, interviewed by a representative of the *Transvaal Times*, stated that the chieftainess offered no



Jocelyn began his narrative.

shape or form. . . . Now, Somers, you must just listen to me, for I have something to tell."

Pearston had sat down in an armchair, and Somers had resumed his painting. When a servant had brought in brandy to soothe Pearston's nerves, and soda to take off the injurious effects of the brandy, and milk to take off the depleting effects of the soda, Jocelyn began his narrative, addressing it rather to Somers' chimney-piece, and Somers' antique clock, and Somers' Persian rugs, than to Somers himself, who stood at his picture a little behind his friend.

"Before I tell you what has happened to me," Pearston said, "I want to let you know the manner of man I am."

"Lord—I know already."

"No, you don't. This is to be a sort of *Apologia pro vita mea*."

"Very well. Fire away!"

CHAPTER VII.

HER EARLIER INCARNATIONS.

"You, Somers, are not, I know, one of those who continue in bondage to the gigantic cosmopolitan superstition that the Beloved One of any man always, or even usually, remains in one corporeal nook or shell for any great length of time. If I am wrong, and you do still hold to that ancient error—well, my story will seem rather queer."

"Suppose you say some men, not any man."

sat, that passers through East Wake might not observe our marks of affection, forgetting that our screen must attract more attention than our persons.

"When the whole dream came to an end through her father leaving the island, I thought my Well-Beloved had gone for ever (being then in the unpractised condition of Adam at sight of the first sunset). But she had not. Laura had gone for ever, but not my Best-Beloved.

"For some months after I had done crying for the flaxen-haired edition of her, my Love did not reappear. Then she came suddenly, unexpectedly, in a situation I should never have predicted. I was standing on the kerbstone of the pavement in Budmouth-Regis, outside the Preparatory School, looking across towards the sea, when a middle-aged gentleman on horseback, and beside him a young lady, also mounted, passed down the street. The girl turned her head, and—possibly because I was gazing at her in awkward admiration, or smiling myself—smiled at me. Having ridden a few paces, she looked round again and smiled.

"It was enough, more than enough, to set me on fire. I understood in a moment the information conveyed to me by my emotion—the Well-Beloved had reappeared. This second form in which it had pleased her to take up her abode was quite a young woman's, darker in complexion than the first. Her hair, also worn in a knot, was of an ordinary brown, and so, I think, were her eyes, but the niceties of her features

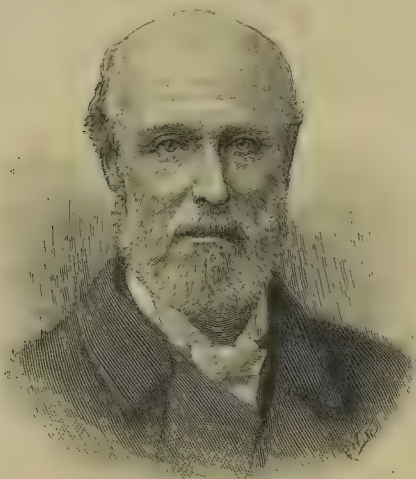
obstacle to his proposed personal interview, and the result was something vastly different from what even he had anticipated, for, like most Transvaalers, he never believed that such a personage as Majaje actually existed. He was conducted into her presence by members of the Council of Princes, who act as her indunas. He saw before him a woman who, from her strangely decrepit form, he judged to be considerably older than a century. What surprised Mr. Pretorius most was that "She" was no Kafir. Her face (in spite of the wrinkles of age), he could clearly see, had none of the Kafir features. Her complexion is transparently white, and she has bright blue eyes—bright, notwithstanding her apparently great age—and she has, in addition, long white hair. Her nose is perfectly aquiline. She is in a very weak state, and apparently suffering from ill-health. She received the Commandant in a very dignified manner, but so weak was she that when he offered to shake hands with her her hand had to be placed in his by one of the attendants. She stated to him that he was the first white man she had ever seen, and called him her husband and deliverer, and thanked him effusively for the part he had taken in the recent troubles between her people and the Government at Pretoria. She also expressed the hope that when he next came to see her she would be stronger in bodily health, and better able to show him hospitality. She complained in strong terms of the manner in which her people had been treated. She spoke throughout in the Makatese language.



BLACK-GAME DRIVING.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS AT FOLKESTONE.

The Church Congress has been slain and buried a good many times by its critics, but it has shown even more than usual vitality during the meetings at Folkestone, which came to an end on Oct. 8. It is getting old, for it was born in comparatively humble circumstances so long ago as 1861. The



THE REV. LLEWELYN DAVIES.

gatherings of that year, held in the hall of King's College, Cambridge, were deemed a purely local affair. No London paper sent a reporter; even the *Guardian* borrowed its account from a Cambridge journal. But the Congress has for some time past reached a vigorous manhood, and Archdeacon Farrar's suggestion that it should now meet triennially has fallen flat. Only a few of those who shared in the discussions of 1861 are still with us, but the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of Ely, the Dean of St. Paul's, Archdeacon Denison, Archdeacon Emery, Canon G. Venables, and Lord Cross can again, if they please, exchange reminiscences as to those first debates. There is another link between the gathering of 1861 and the gathering of 1892, for the same topics were discussed at both. Education, the Church and country populations, the co-operation of clergy and laity, have been under review at Cambridge and at Folkestone—at the earliest and the latest Congress—although, of course, in varying aspects. The President of 1861 was Archdeacon France, of Ely; the President of 1892 was the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, thirty-one years ago, had but recently gone from an assistant mastership at Rugby to be the first Head Master of Wellington. This was his Grace's primary appearance in the presidential chair, although he has more than once—notably at Rhyl—spoken with very marked effect.

Apart from the formal reception—an event for which the local dignitaries were one year long kept waiting, owing to the disappearance of the Archbishop's pastoral staff—the true Congress proceedings began with the sermons. There was no sermon at Cambridge. That was an innovation started with the Manchester Congress in 1863, when Dean Hook was the preacher. For some years past there



THE REV. DR. JESSOPP.

have been three sermons, each by a prelate. This year there was a distinct change. Only one bishop preached; the other pulpits were filled by a dean and a plain "Mr." Of late even a dean has been unusual, although the most famous sermon of the whole series was preached by a dean. But that dean was Dr. Magee; the occasion was the Dublin Congress, when the Irish Church was in peril; and his sermon from the text "They beckoned unto their partners which were in the other ship that they should come and help them" won him the see of Peterborough. But there is no precedent for the appearance of a clergyman "without a handle to his name" in the Church Congress pulpit. Mr. Welldon, the Head Master of Harrow, starts the new order of affairs. The Bishop of Peterborough addressed the congregation at Holy Trinity, and preached from Mal. iii. 16 a practical sermon of no unusual distinction, the moral of which was summed up in the poet's lines—

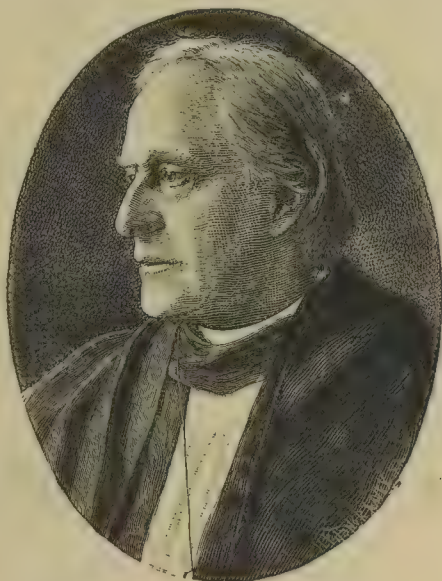
Remember, every man God made
Is different, has some deed to do,
Some work to work: be undismayed;
Though thine be humble, do it too.

Mr. Welldon's text at Christ Church was Neh. iv. 15, 17, 18, and his sermon was distinctly topical. The Dean of Christ Church—probably the best sermon-writer in the Church of England—had a large following at the parish church, a magnificently adorned building, in which the services are of a highly ornate character.

Tuesday's debates were prefaced by the dignified and important utterance of the President. It was not the mere commonplace summary of the subjects for discussion which has contented some bishops, nor was it delivered with the

oratorical grace of the Bishop of Ripon's speech at Wakefield; but it was worthy of the occasion. The address over, the Congress divided. At Rhyl there was but one set of debates; at the last Manchester meeting they had three; at Folkestone they returned to the general custom of two. The afternoon debate on "The Authority of the Bible and the Authority of the Church" brought up Mr. J. Llewelyn Davies from Westmoreland, and, as well, one of the best known of practical commentators in Prebendary Sadler. The discussion on the work of the Church on the Continent proceeded on familiar lines, but the first woman speaker of the Congress, Lady Vincent, gave an address. She amply vindicated the right of her sex and the wisdom of the committee in so freely using lady speakers. In the discussion on the Church and labour combinations nothing was more remarkable than the strong witness borne by Mr. Mawdsley to the character of the clergy: but Alderman Phillips, the stevedores' and coal-porters' friend, did well.

Wednesday was a heavy day. In the morning there was a choice between religious instruction and canon law; between the educationalists, like Mr. Talbot, M.P., and the Rev. H. D. French, and the ecclesiastical lawyers in the persons of Dr. Tristram and Chancellor Dibdin. The latter pleaded strongly for more discipline, wherein, of course, the clergy agreed with him. In the afternoon the interest of a discussion on the Church and agricultural populations overtopped that of Christian ethics. It was a happy choice which brought up Dr. Jessopp to tell us of the social needs of the rural population. Nobody is more welcome on a Congress platform than he. But



THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

the other hall had excellent fare, for Mr. Hutton, of the *Spectator*, was there, and Mr. R. L. Ottley (gentlest of Dons), of "Lux Mundi" fame. The evening meeting on the temperance movement had not a strong programme; but the Rev. J. W. Horsley, "the prisoner's friend," was a host in himself. The rival meeting on physical recreation had Sir Richard Webster. How many remembered that in 1865 he won for Cambridge the one and two mile races in the newly organised inter-Varsity sports? A lady, Miss J. Stuart Snell, had something interesting to say here also. The women's meeting in the afternoon listened to a succession of short interesting papers from such familiar workers as Lady Frederick Cavendish, Miss Octavia Hill, and Miss Clementina Black, as well as from Mrs. Benson. On Thursday the question of biblical criticism came up under the guise of a debate on "The Permanent Value of the Old Testament." The array of Professors included Canon Driver, whose reception was "mixed." Canon Girdlestone, of Hampstead, appeared upon the other side. "Thrift and Poor-Law," despite the usefulness of Canon Blackley's paper, had few attractions. "Vivisection" had been denounced by some people as a dull subject; but the discussion was lively. The anti-vivisectionists had sent round an urgent whip in support of Bishop Barry, and their friends came up in strength. At the same time there was, for those who liked it, an extremely important discussion on the preparation of candi-



MISS SNELL.

dates for holy orders and of laymen. The foreign mission debate was as strong as ever. Did not those gallant veterans, Bishop Smythies and Bishop Selwyn, appear, ill and crippled though the latter has been? The discussion on the duty of the Church to soldiers was distinctly "topical" in view of recent controversies, but was welcome enough in the neighbourhood of Shorncliffe. The Chaplain-General was in evidence, and so was Sir Lintorn Simmons. Another local subject—Church work at the seaside—won a dwindling audience on Friday. The life of the Congress ebbed away



BISHOP SMYTHIES.

as it always does, after the devotional meeting. There was, however, a final service at Canterbury Cathedral on Saturday, Oct. 8, when the Bishop of St. Asaph closed with *clat* a Congress of more than common interest.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

A curious controversy is raging in the German Church. Dr. Harnack, by far the most brilliant of the younger Church historians in Germany, advocates the disuse of the Apostles' Creed, on the ground that it teaches that Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary. Dr. Harnack, whose orthodoxy has long been suspected—a suspicion in the way of his professional advancement, rapid as that has been—says that a golden age will dawn upon the Church with the cessation of this obligation. The conservative leaders of the Evangelical National Church of Prussia remonstrate violently, on the ground that the doctrine is the foundation question of Christendom. The same controversy was raised in the Episcopal Church in America lately, and, if I mistake not, it was found impossible to dislodge the advocates of the non-miraculous birth of Christ. In the dissenting Churches of this country the question has been cautiously broached.

There has been some unpleasant quarrelling about the arrangements for the Church Congress. This has turned mainly on the grievances of the venerable Canon Jenkins. There is much difference of opinion as to Canon Jenkins' scholarship, but he is undoubtedly recognised by many as an authority on canon law, and he wished to read a paper on that subject. He understood this offer to be accepted by the Archbishop and the committee, but his name and subject were left out, and the Rev. C. J. Ridsdale, the well-known Folkestone Ritualist, took his place. The Rev. E. Husband, who has been, perhaps, the best known of the Folkestone clergymen, was also snubbed. His suggestion to have musical services discussed was put aside, and no opening service was arranged for his church. He was not even on the Subjects Committee. The result is that Canon Jenkins is to conduct a fourth service in Mr. Husband's church, St. Michael's.

Archdeacon Farrar's paper on Archbishop Magee in the *Contemporary Review* will probably be thought a very fair one. It does not err by extravagant adulation, and yet does full justice to Magee's great qualities. Archdeacon Farrar very sensibly says that, though it is possible to explain in a manner some of the rash utterances which are permanently associated with Magee's name, yet it was his duty to have been so careful in expressing himself on those themes as to prevent the misconceptions that ensued, and that largely embittered his life. Dr. Farrar says that Magee deeply resented his describing the celebrated saying about a free and drunken England as a "glittering sophism." Ultimately, however, these two eminent Churchmen became on terms of amity, and co-operated in the Church Brotherhood scheme, as also in Mr. Waugh's Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. He hints, but does not distinctly say, that Magee was no theologian. The divergences of opinion between his Bath sermons and his later action cannot be reconciled. He has written nothing that will live even a couple of years, but it will not be forgotten that such a judge as Canon Liddon described him as the greatest preacher in the Church of England.

Last week I recorded the change that has taken place in the editorship of the *Independent*, an organ of the Congregationalist body. There is to be one very marked and significant modification. Hitherto the paper has been a vehement Home Rule organ. Now it is to be neutral on that subject. V.



THE VEN. ARCHDEACON EMERY.



FOLKESTONE FROM THE LEAS.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS OF 1892:
FOLKESTONE AND ITS VICINITY.

DRAWN BY HOLLAND TRINGHAM.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Some years ago I read (in the Christmas number of *Harper's Magazine*, I fancy) a very interesting story which not only fascinated me in and by itself, but afforded an additional and gratifying proof that science, in its widespread effects and influence, is affecting in no small degree even the sphere of the novelist himself. The late Hugh Conway, in "Called Back," not only made an effective dip into medical literature for one of his effects (that of recovery from blindness), but drew largely upon psychology (in the matter of his heroine's mental phases) for the furtherance of that most interesting story. The writer of the story in *Harper's* went to geology for an inspiration—and got it in earnest. The story was that of a young American couple who were visiting the Swiss glaciers as part and parcel of their *lune de miel*. The husband fell into a crevasse, and was, of course, lost. The young widow is told by an old German professor who is studying the glaciers that in fifty years or so she may see her husband again. The glacier gives up its dead, said the old savant, and his son is directed in his will to repair at a given time to the glacier in question, and there to meet the widow, who will, if alive, come to Europe to claim her dead. Things naturally turn out as the old scientist predicted. The glacier gives up the body of the young husband, which has been preserved in its ice for half a century, and a very dramatic episode thus ends the story, when the old grey-haired widow looks on her young bridegroom reposing peacefully in his long death-sleep amid the glacier ice.

The point of this story clearly depends on the fact that the glacier really brings down its dead, and all other things which have become imbedded in its ice. It was the fact of human remains and belongings being found in glacier ice far below the point at which the glacier had received them, that first directed attention to the idea of the ice-river as really a moving stream. The rate of movement of a glacier being known, scientists can form a fair computation and estimate of the time which any given body might occupy in a descent from its point of contact with the glacier above, to the melting ice-cave at the lower extremity of the ice-river. The latest incident which has come under my observation in this direction is that of a discovery on Monte Rosa of a certain long-lost coat. It seems that one Commendatore Pernuzzi, an Italian Senator, lost his coat in a crevasse in 1876. He was descending the Sasiogoch, at a height of 14,000 ft. The glacier rate of movement was about 100 yards in the year, and it was suggested by the guides that in seven years the Commendatore might be favoured with a sight of the missing garment. On Aug. 26 last a coat was found in the moraine or debris at the foot of the glacier. This was the property of the Commendatore, for it contained his handkerchief, marked with his initials, and a plan of Monte Rosa. I read that the objects are now preserved in the Alpine Museum at Turin. All the same, the occurrence is a most interesting one, and well worth recording, if only as a testimony to the rate at which glaciers may move down their valleys.

One of the problems of the day is that referring to the factors or causes to which the processes of evolution are due. We know something of the changes which food and climate and domestication effect in animals and plants, but we want more decided information regarding the intimate causes to which changes in living beings and races are to be ascribed. Some curious facts, which seem to show the manner in which the animal constitution is altered by food, are well known to canary-breeders. Fed with cayenne pepper, canaries develop a red colour. Recently an investigator has made some researches into this matter of artificial coloration in birds. The pepper, he says, contains an oil, an active principle, and a colouring matter. When the oil and the active ingredient are taken out of the pepper, and the colouring matter alone left, it loses its effect on birds; although, curiously enough, when olive oil is added to the colouring matter, its properties, as shown on canaries, appear to be restored. The conclusion is here reached that it is to the oil we must look for the essential element in the bird coloration. I observe that white hens, similarly treated, gave like results. The yolk of the egg was also found to be affected in colour by giving certain roots containing colour principles. It is just possible the science of the future may be able to affect even the skin of the Ethiopian and the spots of the leopard. Here is a hint, say, for my friend Mr. Justin H. McCarthy, or even for Mr. Besant or Dr. Conan Doyle—science and fiction again! What a dramatic story might be written, with a modern physiologist for its central figure engaged in successful experimentation on changes of personal identity, produced by physical means! This would pay far better (in respect of realistically minded readers) than the old harpings on changes of soul which now and then seem to be so attractive to our novelists.

Mr. W. F. Denning tells us that a fifth satellite has been discovered in attendance on Jupiter. Galileo, in 1610, discovered four satellites revolving around that mystic planet. They are so very clear, Mr. Denning says, that it could scarcely be thought possible that a fifth satellite remained for discovery. Professor Barnard, however, has seen a fifth through the big Lick telescope poised on the top of Mount Hamilton, in California. He says its distance from the centre of the planet is 112,400 miles, and its period of revolution 17 hours 36 min. The reason why this fifth satellite has so long remained in obscurity is probably due to the fact that it is not brighter than the thirteenth magnitude. The big Lick telescope has shown what may have escaped other instruments in the surrounding glare. Mr. Denning adds that it is wonderful the new satellite should not have been before discovered by its shadow, which would be projected on Jupiter's disc when the satellite passed between the planet and the earth; and this, of course, would be a matter of daily occurrence. Perhaps, as is suggested, the shadow may have been mistaken for a spot on Jupiter.

Dogs and carnivorous animals generally have hitherto been regarded as exempt, through some constitutional peculiarity, from the attack of consumption and from tubercle at large. Now, however, it seems, we have to admit the liability of dogs to the attack of the tubercle germ. It is curious to note that, while feeding a dog on tuberculous matter produces uncertain results, the inhalation into the lungs of tuberculous dust is nearly always followed by the development of consumption. Here man and the dog exhibit a similar liability to infection through the lungs. Possibly, as has been suggested, the dog gets infected readily enough from man; because the matter from consumptive lungs, dried on the streets, and becoming dust-like in nature, is liable to be breathed in by the animal whose air supply is derived from near the ground. I would suggest that domestication is the condition which lays the dog open to attack. I should be interested to hear if anybody has ever met with tuberculosis in wolves, jackals, lions, tigers, hyænas, or other wild carnivora.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2515 to 2517 received from W. Albutt (Richmond, Tasmania); of No. 2522 from Mrs. Gilmore (Bhanga), Miss Gilmore (Bhanga), J. W. Bacon, B. A. (Benares), and M. V. Singh (Bhanga); of No. 2526 from E. W. Lamb (Oporto), J. W. Shaw (Montreal), E. G. Boys, and T. Butcher (Cheltenham); of No. 2527 from E. G. Boys and C. J. Fisher (Salford); of No. 2528 from W. H. Phillips, Columbus, Z. Jugola (Frankfurt), Alpha, Captain J. A. Chalkie (Great Yarmouth), E. G. Boys, and W. Pearce (Kinsale).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2529 received from J. Ross (Whitley), Sorrento (Dawlish), J. Coad, J. F. Moon, L. Desanges, E. B. H. J. Hill, Admiral Brandreth, O. M. A. B. C. E. Perugini, Walter W. Hooper (Plymouth), W. F. Payne, M. Burke, G. T. Hughes (Waterford), T. Roberts, L. Schlu (Vienna), Fr. Fernando, Blair H. Cochrane (Glasgow), W. Gray, jun. (Johnstone, N.B.), Shadforth, J. W. Blagg (Cheshire), A. H. C. Hamilton, Fortamps (Brussels), Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), Z. Ingold, John G. Grant, Joseph Willcock (Chester), H. Hooper, W. R. Haillem, Julia Short (Dr. F. St. R. Blackall), W. H. Phillips, A. Tannenbaum, G. R. Albiston (Manchester), T. G. Ware, T. S. (South Yardley), P. Daly, F. G. Knight, G. Joicey, Hereward, B. London, Bluet, R. H. Brooks, H. S. Brandreth, Li. Calsi, J. J. J. (Boston), A. Sage, H. B. Hurford, W. H. Windus (Hendfield), A. Newman, J. O. Ireland, R. Worries (Canterbury), Alfred Levy, W. R. B. (Plymouth), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth) and W. Wright.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2527—By CHEVALIER L. DESANGES.

WHITE.
1. Q to B 2nd
2. P to B 5th
3. B takes P. Mate.

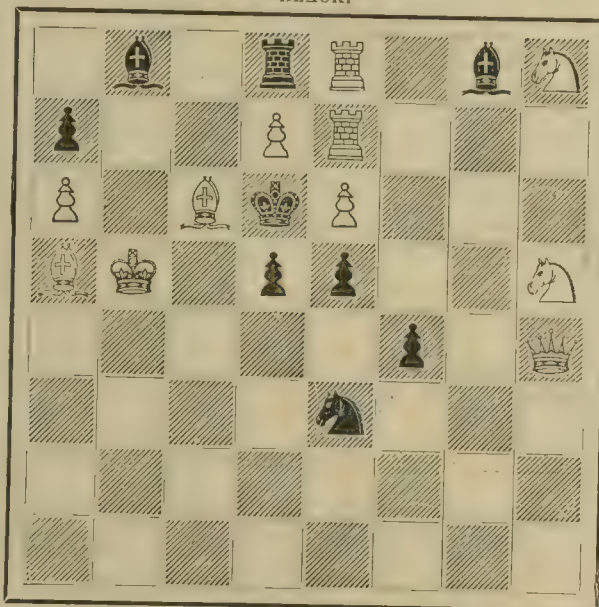
BLACK.
B takes Q
Any move

If Black play 1. B takes B, 2. Q to B 7th (ch), &c.

PROBLEM No. 2531

By R. H. SEYMOUR (Holyoke, Mass., U.S.A.).

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN BELFAST.

Game played in the Masters' Tourney between Messrs. LEE and MASON. (Zukertort Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. Kt to K 3rd	P to K 4th	19. P to K Kt 3rd	Kt takes Kt
2. P to Q 4th	Kt to K 3rd	20. B takes Kt (ch)	K to R sq
3. P to K 3rd	P to K 3rd	21. P takes P	P takes P
4. B to Q 3rd	P to Q Kt 3rd	22. Kt to K 2nd	Q to K B sq
5. Castles	B to K 2nd	23. Kt to R sq	B to B sq
6. P to B 4th	Castles	24. B takes B	R takes B
7. Kt to B 3rd	B to Kt 2nd	25. R to K Kt sq	Q to B 2nd
8. B to K 2nd		26. R to Kt 4th	

A strong and useful move, but B to K 2nd at first was preferable. In developing, never move the same piece twice is good advice.

8. B to Q 2nd
9. Kt to K 5th
10. Kt to K 5th
11. Kt to Q 3rd
12. Q takes Kt
13. Kt to B 4th
14. P to Q 5th

An awkward position for Black. His centre is weakened by the early advance of his K P, and this is the only reasonable defence to avoid the loss of the exchange.

15. Kt to K 6th
16. P to K 4th
17. B to Kt 4th
18. P to B 3rd

Game played between Messrs. T. G. HART and E. FREEBOROUGH. (Allgater Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. H.)	BLACK (Mr. F.)	WHITE (Mr. H.)	BLACK (Mr. F.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	16. Q takes B	R takes P
2. P to K 4th	P takes P	17. Q to K 5th	K R to Q sq
3. Kt to K 3rd	P to Kt 4th	18. Kt to Kt 3rd	R takes P
4. P to K 4th	P to Kt 5th	19. B to B 5th	R to Q 4th
5. Kt to K 5th	Kt to Q 3rd	20. B takes B (ch)	

This defence, first suggested by Neuman, while little known, is useful and interesting. The opportunity, however, it affords for White's reply of 6. Kt takes Kt P, leading to a stronger game, makes us hesitate to commend it.

6. Kt takes Kt
7. P to Q 4th
8. B takes P
9. B to Q 3rd
10. B takes Kt
11. Q to Q 3rd

Some authorities now consider Black has the better game.

12. Castles
13. P to K Kt 3rd
14. Kt to Q 2nd

So far, the play has closely followed a variation of this given in "Chess Openings, Ancient and Modern." It does not strike us as an attractive form of the opening; but the game is nearly even, unless the possession of B against Kt is a point in Black's favour.

15. P to B 4th
16. B takes Kt
17. Kt to K 3rd
18. Q to K 3rd
19. K takes P
20. K takes P

An ingenious and apparently sound sacrifice. The gain of Pawns compensates fully for the loss of Bishop. The game, at any rate, is now infused with some liveliness.

The following elegant stratagem by G. Heathcote, Manchester, was a prize-winner in the *British Chess Magazine* tourney—
White: K at Q 8th, Q at K R sq, R at K 2nd, B's at Q Kt 3rd and K Kt 7th; P's at Q 3rd, K B 3rd, Q 4th, Q R 5th, and K R 4th and 5th.
Black: K at Q 3rd, B at Q Kt 8th; P's at Q B 3rd, K B 5th, and K 6th.
White to play and mate in three moves.

The law costs incurred by the Corporation of Eastbourne in their conflict with the Salvation Army amount to £2000 since May 1891, when the disturbances began.

The town of Ramsgate has acquired a new place of public recreation in Ellington Park, an estate of fourteen acres with fine trees and pleasant walks or carriage drives, purchased for £12,000 by the Corporation. It was opened by the Mayor, Alderman W. P. Blackburn, on Thursday, Sept. 29, with a procession and a town holiday. The new marine drive will be completed in the next twelvemonth.

ART NOTES.

The autumn exhibition at the New Gallery may be of the nature of a surprise to most visitors, and, at all events, its *raison d'être* will be a source of much speculation. It is made up mainly of pictures which have appeared in the various London and provincial exhibitions of the last ten or twelve years, with here and there a work which, for reasons more or less obvious, may have been unable to obtain admission. It is impossible to deny that some of the pictures are not interesting specimens of the work of their respective artists; but, as they are grouped after no rule and in no order, they afford little evidence of the painters' progress during those years. Mr. Watts' portrait of Mrs. Percy Wyndham (the daughter of Sir Guy Campbell) was one of the most effective women's portraits that he ever painted; while Mr. Alma-Tadema's "British Pottery" was perhaps the least satisfactory work which that Royal Academician ever produced. Both pictures are here, and occupy important positions. Mr. David Murray, Mr. Percy Bigland, Professor Costa, and Mr. Ridley Corbet are among those who are most favourably represented, and an opportunity is given to the public of following the fortunes of several lady artists, who exhibit under new names pictures which they painted and exhibited under their old ones. For an hour's lounge on a wet afternoon, the New Gallery will offer attractions, but the present exhibition has no claim to any lengthy notice of its contents.

The author of the amusing, though not always accurate, book, "The Gossip of the Day," leads us to suppose that he has been so fortunate as to have seen the portrait of J. M. W. Turner, by himself, which the artist gave to the lady who did not become his wife. All trace of this picture, which represents Turner at the age of six-and-twenty, was, we thought, lost, but now that all the actors in that sad drama are dead, it is a pity that the picture cannot be recovered. The story, as given in "The Gossip of the Day," differs very materially from the generally received version. The author says that Turner and that lady to whom he plighted his troth on starting for his first Italian journey never met again. It has usually been asserted that Turner returned just before the lady's marriage to another, that he had a heated interview with her, and cursed the day of her approaching wedding with prophetic fervour and result; for never did a union projected by prudent parents turn out more lucklessly. Turner, we are told, was changed by the loss of his love from a light-hearted youth to a querulous miser; but, unless he was playing tricks with his good friend Mr. Trimmer of Chiswick, we have that worthy gentleman's assurance that at one time—some ten or twelve years after his first episode—he again contemplated matrimony. On this occasion, however, he did not give the lady his portrait; so that all that we are now concerned with is the portrait which represents him as a young man as seen through his own eyes. Is it impossible for this to be discovered?

Although some dozen of the more prominent amateurs have withdrawn from the Photographic Society, the exhibition of the members' work now on view at the Water-Colour Society's Gallery (Pall Mall East) contains much that will attract visitors of all kinds. The difference of opinion which has brought about the great cleavage is one of old standing—the line which divides art from science, the amateurs holding rather to the former and the professionals to the latter definition. We will not pretend to take sides in a controversy so full of difficulties, but in presence of such remarkable achievements as those of M. Boissonnaz, W. Bedford, Dumont, as representatives of Switzerland, England, and the United States respectively, and in view of such works as the "Breaking Sea," by Elliot and Son, and "Harvesting," by the Woodbury Company, we must recognise the important services rendered by professional photographers to art, from whatever point of view we discuss the term. Mr. Karl Greger's platinum toned prints in Indian ink, Mr. T. M. Brownrigg's carbon view of Portinscale Bridge, and the series of country studies by Colonel J. Gale are instances of the higher uses to which photography can be applied in not merely transcribing Nature but interpreting her also. The series of exhibits in lantern slides is also of considerable interest, as indicating the increasing use of photography as a means of instruction; and lecturers on all subjects know how much easier it is to gain the ears of their audience when their eyes are appealed to by appropriate illustrations.

In connection with the subject of photography, it is not, perhaps, generally known that the South Kensington Museum authorities have adopted a plan by which Allinari's beautiful series of photographs can be supplied at the cost of sixpence each. At present only reproductions of sculpture, carving, and architectural ornament are included in the list; but of these there are several thousand specimens, selected from all the principal buildings and museums in Italy. A complete catalogue is kept at the Museum, which is open to the public. The purchaser makes his selection, writes the number and volume on a card provided for the purpose, pays sixpence for each photograph required, and a week later receives it by post from the publishers in Florence.

Mr. William Sandby has managed to make an attractive volume (Seeley and Co.) of the slight literary remains of his forbears, Thomas and Paul Sandby—both foundation members of the Royal Academy. They were born at Nottingham within the first quarter of the last century, and Thomas, the elder, was credited with having been the first to bring to the Duke of Cumberland's headquarters tidings of the landing of the Young Pretender. He was attached to the Duke's staff throughout the campaign, and followed him to Culloden, and subsequently to Flinders. Some sketches which he took still remain; but he was known more as an architect than as a painter, and filled with credit the post of Deputy Ranger of Windsor Forest. Of his works, almost the only one left in London is that portion of Freemasons' Tavern now used as the Grand Chief Temple of the order. Paul Sandby, who has been called the father of English water-colour painting, profited by his brother's credit, and after the pacification of the Highlands was appointed draughtsman to the Survey, and then commenced the habit of sketching from Nature. Water-colour painting was then scarcely known, and for a time after his arrival in London Paul Sandby devoted himself to etching; but in 1760 we find him exhibiting "three landscapes in colours," besides many other studies from Nature, chiefly from Scotland and Yorkshire. From this time he pursued aquatinta engraving alternately with water-colour painting; but his style never altogether lost the restraint which he had imposed upon his work in early life. Both brothers—if we may believe the portraits of their wives by Richard Cotes, reproduced in this volume—were fortunate in marrying women of more than ordinary beauty, and from the glimpses we obtain of their family life they must have been singularly happy in their choice. The biography, which is pleasantly written, is illustrated by good reproductions of some of the more interesting works of the two brothers.

THE LITTLE CHRONICLE.

It has often been remarked that suicide takes an epidemic turn from time to time; and it was in one of these periods that a certain alderman of London made himself famous by a vigorously expressed determination to "put it down." Every poor wretch pulled out of the river and brought before him, every rash weakling sobered by emetics and brought to the bar in that condition, heard this determination thundered in his ears before he was sent to jail for a while. Just now we seem to be in another suicide period; and as we read of one self-murder after another in the remarkably sanguineous news-sheets of the day, some very great differences between the common sentiment on this subject in the alderman's time and our own must occur to many of us. That Sir Peter (was not the alderman Sir Peter Laurie?) should proclaim his resolve to "put down" suicide by help of the headle did amuse the world then; but they who laughed at him were much fewer than they would be now. At that time there still survived a general feeling that self-murder is a crime; and where it was not thought actually criminal it was regarded as a stigma—disgraceful, and casting disgrace on the whole family of the suicide. On that account, no doubt, and not from any considerable terror of cross-road burial—a discarded barbarism—it was a comparatively rare thing for suicides to leave behind them express declarations of deliberate self-destruction. Nowadays this is constantly done. There have been many examples of it lately, among others, which clearly indicated by different means that the suicide intended his friends to understand that they were to infer no rashness from what he had done, nor anything but a well-considered resolve to end a life of trouble. Nevertheless, coroners' juries return an invariable verdict of "temporary insanity," which shows that the old Christian feeling about suicide is not extinct: for the verdict is meant to be charitable, and is always taken as such. But the sense of stigma seems to have almost died out. Where there is infinite distress there is yet no such feeling of shame as there used to be, or anything like it; and since it is hardly in the nature of things that this sentiment, powerful as it was for centuries, should revive again, its decline and all that it may signify are worth thinking of.

One thing we may permit ourselves to say about the disputes and the heartburnings—very decent, but obviously deep—that trouble the church founded by Mr. Charles Spurgeon: which one thing is that they serve to show what a poor half-truth is the saying that "no man is indispensable." Since all men have to be dispensed with sooner or

later, while yet the world and its work goes on, it is almost a stupid saying, indeed; but we know what meaning is intended, and even in that sense it is more graceless than veracious. The work that Mr. Spurgeon began and maintained for years and years in high beneficent activity will be continued, no doubt, now that he has to be dispensed with, but he has taken that with him which a dozen Dr. Piersons can neither supply nor simulate: the animating spirit of Charles Spurgeon.

Winter is coming on, work is becoming less plentiful, they say, and wages are falling in some occupations and rising in none. On these accounts, a very miserable School-Board story that was told in a police-court the other day should not pass unnoticed. A certain family of working folk had dropped into a state of great destitution. For a long time the father had earned nothing; the children had little to eat, their clothes were poor, and it seemed cruel to send them to school with broken shoes and empty bellies. They were not sent, the School-Board officers interfered, and the father was haled up and fined. Not having money to buy bread enough, he could not well pay these fines; but now he got a job of work. No sooner, however, had this poor family sunned itself in the prospect of a Saturday harvest of wages than the father was carried off to prison for non-payment of the fines, and the "job" was lost. No doubt this is an extreme case of hardship—a truly monstrous case; but the hardship is a common one, and cries aloud for some means of mitigation. It tells most often, of course, on the children, for when parents are liable to police-court summons, and to the imposition of fines which are no joke to people whose every sixpence is a family dinner, mothers have to harden their hearts; and, however hungry and ill-clad their children may be, however harsh the weather, however wretched the thought of their return through mire and rain to another half meal or none at all, the youngsters are sent off to their lessons. If you like, you may fancy them sitting in their leaky shoes and doing such lessons as this: "If a plum-pudding costs three shillings and twopence, and cuts into thirty slices, how much does each slice cost?"

There is no more to be said about one great danger to health and life which has constituted so much to enliven the autumn dulness of the newspaper press. Not that there has been a word in excess. It is quite true that the most delicate ladies and gentlemen frequently attire themselves in raiment warm from foul little work-rooms of the kind which fever visits first and lingers longest in. It is also true that

very good people of not the most refined order, but equally capable of receiving and imparting infection, are yet more exposed to the danger. At a time like this, when one of the deadliest of epidemics has seized upon London, it is impossible to say how much infection may spread in this way. At all times it must needs be a source of mischief, and the only question is, what means of prevention are there? To that one answer alone has been given: tailors and milliners should be obliged to provide work-rooms, these work-rooms being open to the inspection of sanitary officers. Now, this would be a most welcome reform to many of the men, no doubt, and it would conduce to the health of great cities like London in various ways. One of the greatest afflictions of the poor is the enormously high rent they have to pay for lodgings. This tax is highest in the west of London, where thousands of working tailors, milliners, and the like have to live near their employers for the convenience of running in and out; the consequence of which is that in the neighbourhood of Regent Street and Oxford Street, for example, a poor sempstress has to pay five shillings a week for a top-floor room, and a working tailor eight or nine shillings for an apartment of two rooms in a house crowded from kitchen to attic. Any such house may become a fever-den on the slightest introduction of infection; it is never wholesome, and its rents are a monstrous drain on wages. Now, if work-rooms were provided by employers, most of the men and the single women could live farther out of this costly centre of London, to the improvement of their health and the saving of money. But now comes the rub. Tailoring is very often the work of a whole family, the wife assisting sometimes, young daughters assisting sometimes; and it is only in that way that a decent living can be made all the year round. But the wife and the children could not be taken into the work-room, and a great deal of work that can be done by widowed mothers would be impossible for them if they had to leave their homes to do it. Apart, therefore, from the excessive difficulty of framing and enforcing regulations of the kind suggested, they would be a sentence of starvation to thousands who never live much above it at any time. But a state of things much improved by voluntary endeavour (which "enlightened self-interest" might well stir some of the greater employers to) is quite conceivable. After all that has come out on this subject, and all that is justly feared, it seems that if any good tailoring firm would build wholesome work-rooms in a suburb like Bayswater, with the necessary number of workmen's dwellings about it under careful supervision, it would double its trade immediately. The example would certainly be followed, and it is a trade that has very broad margins of profit.

MAN, BRUTE, and the INANIMATE CLOD!

Extinguish all Emotions of Heart, and what differences will remain—I do not say between Man and Brute, but Man and the mere INANIMATE CLOD?—CICERO.

It must be so: Plato, thou reasonest well; 'tis Divinity that stirs within us, and intimates Eternity to Man.—ADDISON.



PLATO'S MEDITATION ON SOCRATES' SKULL, POPPY, AND BUTTERFLY.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELLERS AND ALL LEAVING HOME FOR A CHANGE.

We have for the last four years used your "Fruit Salt" during several important Survey Expeditions in the Malay Peninsula, Siam, and Cambodia, and have undoubtedly derived very great benefit from it. In one instance only was one of our party attacked with fever during that period, and that happened after our supply of "Fruit Salt" had run out. When making long marches under the powerful rays of a vertical sun, or travelling through swampy districts, we have used the "Fruit Salt" two and three times a day. The "Fruit Salt" acts as a gentle aperient, keeps the blood cool and healthy, and wards off fever. We have pleasure in voluntarily testifying to the value of your preparation, and our firm belief in its efficacy. We never go into the jungle without it, and have also recommended it to others.—Yours truly,

Commander A. J. LOFTUS, his Siamese Majesty's Hydrographer.

E. C. DAVIDSON, Superintendent Siamese Government Telegraphs.

To J. C. Eno, Esq., London.

Bangkok, Siam, May 1883.

The Value of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" cannot be told. Its success in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australia, and New Zealand proves it.

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HOME RULE PROBLEM in the Political World means NEGOTIABLE BALLAST; in the SANITARY WORLD, a diffusion of Sanitary knowledge.—"The producing power of a country depends on the healthiness and vigour of the population; and the statesmanship which takes away the causes of ill-health, and ensures a wholesome condition of the people in their homes, does most to increase the wealth and the happiness of the nation."—Daily News.

READ DUTY (pamphlet) given with each Bottle of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." **PREMATURE DEATH: ITS PROMOTION OR PREVENTION.**

FROM ENGLAND TO SYDNEY ON BOARD THE SAMUEL PLIMSOLL.

Dear Sir,—I have just received a letter from my daughter, who sailed for Sydney last April as assistant matron of the Samuel Plimsoll, in which she says: "I am sorry, indeed, Dad, to hear how the winter has tried you. Make up your mind to come out here. You will never regret it; and don't forget to bring some ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' It was the only cure on board for sea-sickness. I gave it nearly all away to those who were ill, which seemed to revive them, and they soon began to rally under its soothing influence."—I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully, TRUTH.

Mr. J. C. Eno.

Asylum Road, Old Kent Road, S.E.

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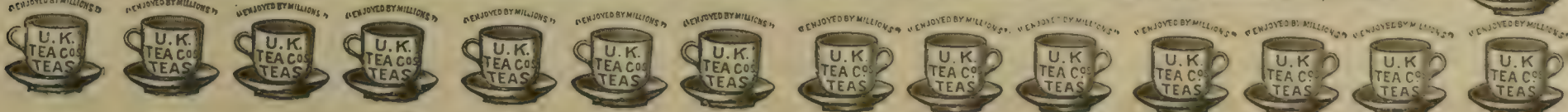
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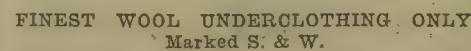


BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Here is a black dress of the very best style. The skirt (gored so that there is hardly any fullness at the top, and yet great width at the feet) is of black corduroy velvet, edged round the bottom with a narrow strip of black fox. The bodice, which has no basque (reaching only to the waist), is of fine black crêpe de Chine, folded in straight pleats both at the back and front. These are held in place at the back by a quaintly shaped sort of Zouave of velvet, beautifully embroidered with silk and jet on the material; while in front there is some of the same embroidery arranged over the bust, so as to give a yoke effect, and the waist is surrounded by a belt of the same lovely trimming. The top of the sleeves is formed by an immense puff of corded velvet, while the tight cuffs are embroidered with jet to match the other trimming. This same design, carried out in heliotrope crêpe and velvet, with crystal embroidery, would make a magnificent dinner-dress; as it is, it is an excellent afternoon gown or dinner-dress for slight mourning or otherwise. A black mantle, that would go well with this dress is a combination of rich satin and velvet. There is a loose square front, recalling the

Gorgeous are some of the carriage and evening wraps. Here is one made of a mixture of black velvet and a figured material, which has peacocks' tails in black chenille brocaded on a heliotrope silk ground. The black velvet forms a positive train (remember, it is not a walking coat), and also large and smartly cut sleeves, coming well over the knuckles below, and at the top elegantly slashed with the coloured brocade; the latter material forms the rest of the garment. A second lovely wrap of the same class is a circular cloak of black satin, also trained at the back, and lined with heliotrope cloth; this is provided with no fewer than four capes, like an early Victorian coachman's coat. The lowest of these, reaching to just below the waist, is of black velvet, edged with narrow sable; above that comes a very dark heliotrope cape, also with a sable line; then, around the shoulders a third one of quite a light shade of heliotrope; and, finally, a fuzzy, full-pleated collar cape, chiefly black, but subtly showing all the shading of the rest of the mantle.



Mrs. Langtry's stage gowns, which come from the famous Parisian "creators" of fashion, have the further advantage of being worn by that really beautiful actress with the grace and unconsciousness of a woman used to society. Her gowns in "The Queen of Manoa" are superb. The first act, where she is giving a party at home, shows her to us in a reception dress of yellow silk, made with a very long train, edged with a chenille ruche; the petticoat front has a deep fringe of gold bullion and yellow chenille. Up the sides the train is richly embroidered with gold and jewels, not obtrusively bright, but giving a general glittering effect. The bodice is a plain low one, with a bird of paradise nestling against the left shoulder and its tail forming an aigrette over the top of the arm. A narrow waistband of brown velvet, ending under a bow in front, forms a curious finish to this gown. A number of diamond ornaments are worn in the berthe, and a deep necklace of the same flashing stones, and a tall tiara, going round the head entirely. A pink silk evening gown is worn in another act. This also has a long train, and the seams of it are everywhere outlined with gold passementerie; the pink bodice, fitted closely to the figure, fastening behind, has a drapery of white and gold striped gauze coming from the back, and this in front is drawn up to the bust and finished off with a big bow. A suite of diamond and ruby ornaments is worn. In the last scene the actress has a Russian-shaped tea-gown of white crêpe, made with a Watteau pleat at the back; and a tunic edging, waistbelt, bust trimming, and band round the elbows, all of a wide embroidery in green and gold.



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

AND THE
Fourth-Centenary
OF THE
DISCOVERY
OF
AMERICA

OCTOBER 12th
* 1492 *

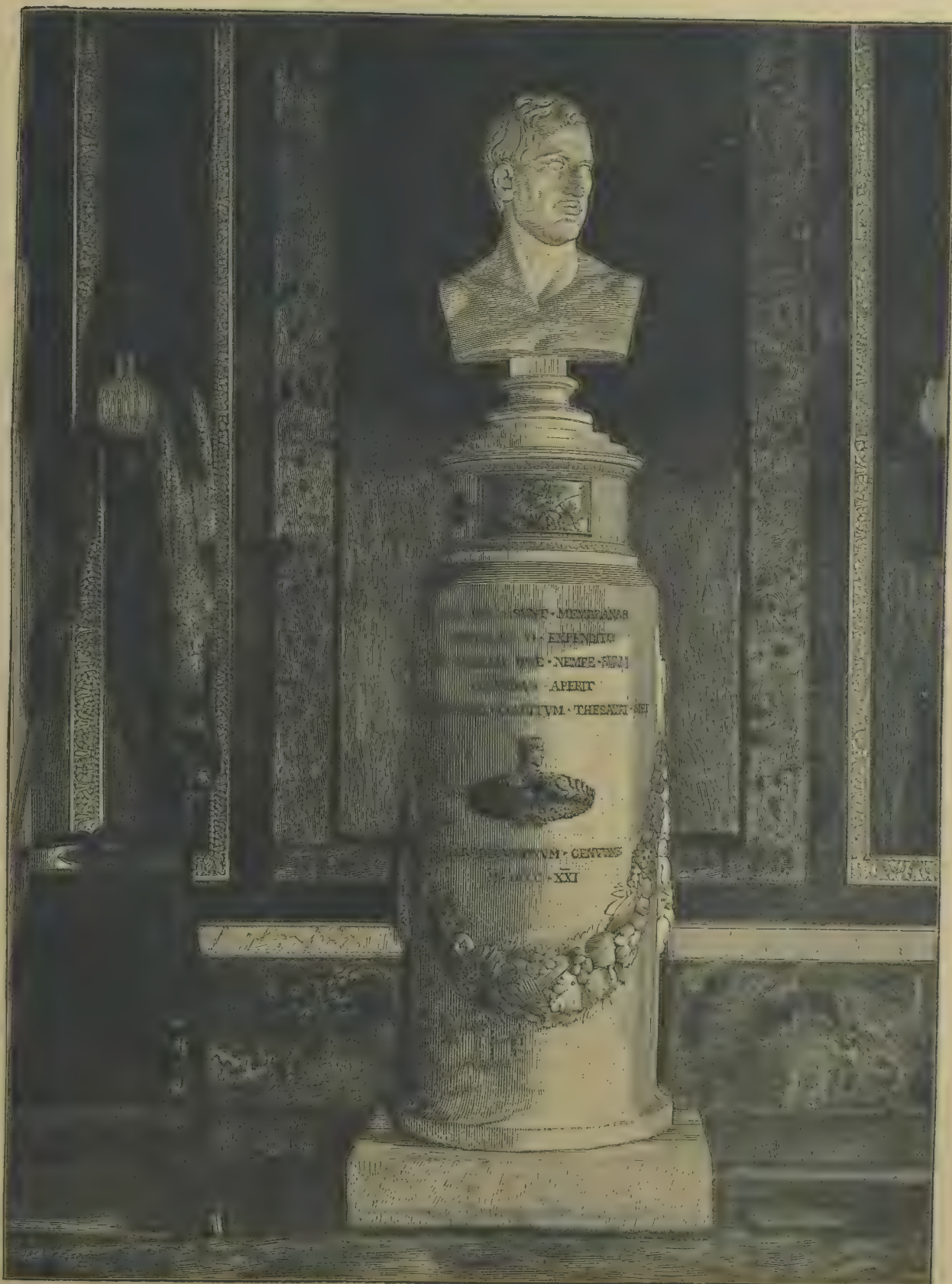
CHRISTOPHORVS COLVMBVS

AMERICVS VESPUTIVS

IT has taken us four centuries to begin to realise what a day of days October 12 truly is in the historical calendar. Our great-grandfathers seem to have passed it by, a hundred years ago, with scarcely a thought. Before their time it had no mention whatever. Even our own generation, in its school-days, memorised the date along with that of the murder of Rizzio or the landing of William III., as a dry and perfunctory task.

No doubt, the astonishing hubbub with which the World's Fair is being ushered in—whereby that climax of modern phenomena, Chicago, claims the bewildered ear of mankind for such a tale of marvels to be performed as human brain never dreamt of before—is answerable for a good deal of the belated attention which we find ourselves bestowing upon Oct. 12, 1892, and upon the event with which it is associated in anniversary. But it is also true that for some thirty years back the Old World has been thinking much and deeply about the New, and has been growing to view America from a standpoint widely removed from that of the fifties. The incident of a big and impressively spectacular celebration merely directs popular notice to this change.

It is easiest to describe this change as one in our conception of history and in our methods of studying it. Within our own time history has ceased to be the thing that Hume and Washington Irving and Prescott and Lamartine understood it to be, and has become something as different as the chemistry of Pasteur is different from the fakir-formulas of Psalmanazar. Science has conquered even the making of human records. The historian of to-day works with the spade of the excavator, the hammer of the geologist, the lenses of



MONUMENT CONTAINING THE DEPOSIT OF HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS RELATING TO COLUMBUS
(MUNICIPAL PALACE, GENOA).

the astronomer; the grammars of the philologists; the measurements of the anatomist. His system ignores frontiers, and takes only passing account of kings and battles and tribal boastings. It reaches everywhere for facts—alike in the tombs of forgotten Pharaohs, in the midden-heaps of Denmark, under the basalt cap of Idaho's mountain range, and in the parchment records of a Norfolk parish. It sees humanity as a whole, and it accepts about humanity only what can be proved.

Under these new lights, the finding of America takes on a number of novel aspects and discloses strange affinities. We see it related in close bonds to the sudden climacteric tumble of Semitic power in Southern Europe. We discover it marking at once the doubling of mankind's dominion and the beginning of the modern condition of mankind. It alters profoundly the character of the Church; it dooms Africa to centuries of darkness; it slays Spain and hamstring Venice, fastens the Turk in Jerusalem and Constantinople, and starts England on its upward flight towards empire—weighty enough preliminaries to this culmination of Chicago!

We are agreed, let it be assumed, to pay more heed henceforth to this anniversary day—Oct. 12 in the old calendar, Oct. 21 in the new. Perhaps by the time the fifth centennial commemoration comes round our great-great-grandsons—those remarkable persons whose potential achievements over space and matter already reflect such prospective credit upon us—may have come to an agreement upon the sort of man Christopher Columbus was. We ourselves are rather hopelessly at sea about him.

The new historical methods, in truth, have upset and smashed the old image of the discoverer, and

it is far too soon to make choice among the rival designs submitted of a figure to take its place. We may be sure, though, of this much—that the selection will not fall upon the diffuse and sprawling composition which Señor Castelar is revealing,

lands. The Venetian chroniclers seem to have understood the name to be an assumed one. The principal pest of these rich sea-traders was an old and redoubtable Genoese pirate, who hung about in the outer seas, sometimes southward on the



CONVENT OF LA ROBIDA, NEAR HUELVA, IN SPAIN, WHERE COLUMBUS FIRST REVEALED THE IDEA OF HIS VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.

month by month, in the *Century Magazine*, and which, indeed, is no new study at all, but only a rhetorical re-presentation of the old boneless effigy. In the fullness of time, when the jungle of manuscript conventual and civic records still existing in Northern Italy, Spain, and Portugal shall have been adequately explored, some great writer will put together a great biography of Christopher Columbus, giving us at last the real man, and exhibiting him for the first time in his true relations to his century and to that mighty change from the mediæval to the modern which he, better than any other, typifies.

When this biographer comes, he will show us that the man we call Columbus was, all in all, the most striking and rounded embodiment of his age—the most representative son of that amazingly virile old fifteenth century. He was at once a pirate and an evangelist, a slaver and a poet, a philosopher and a blood-stained mercenary—that is to say, a man of his time, neither better nor worse than his fellows. He shared their crimes, as we would call them; he absorbed their enthusiasms. He reached the threshold of old age a relative failure, as standards ruled in those days. Roving adventure and robbery on the high seas had not lifted him above poverty; the intellectual unrest, the wild, shapeless longings which stirred his generation, had seemingly not done more than unsettle his self-control and attract some passing attention to his antic behaviour. A certain trick of earnestness, no doubt a weight of personal force, a train of lucky accidents, secured for him at last the chance to do a thing he had in mind. He started out, and did quite a different thing instead, and died some fourteen years thereafter without ever knowing what it was he had done. A veritable type of his century!

We do not even know what his name was. Until the Venetian State Papers were ransacked by Mr. Rawdon Brown, and published in 1874, "Columbus," or "Colon," was treated everywhere as a family surname, and scores of writers had built upon this assumption as many fanciful pedigrees, connecting the discoverer with noble genealogies in various Latin

body in the light of a grim piratical pleasantry. The name thus worn had an evil fame in Flanders and on the Mediterranean as well as in Venice, and the old sea-savage seems to have striven long and energetically to deserve it. His son Nicolo grew up in the business and climbed to loftier heights than the father had attained. He it was who attacked the Venetian trading fleet off Cape St. Vincent in 1485, and made the



HOSPITAL OF VALCUEBO, AT SALAMANCA, WHERE COLUMBUS ARGUED WITH PROFESSORS AND FRIARS.

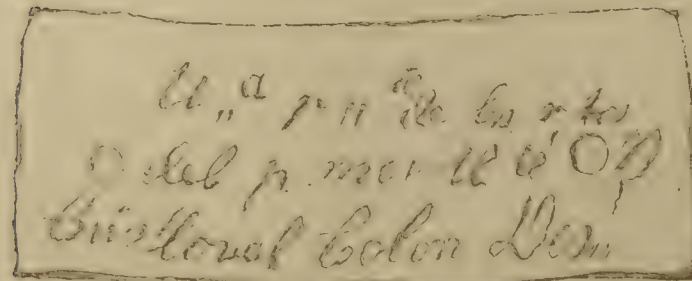
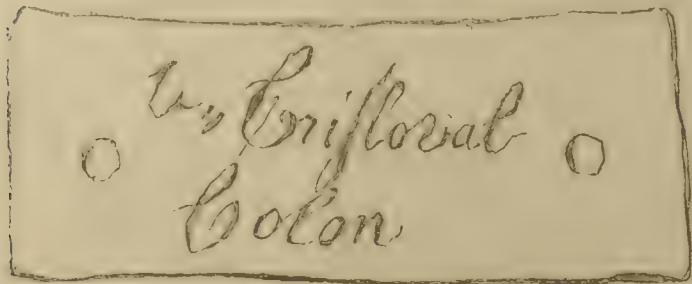
unprecedented haul which Charles VIII. subsequently forced him to return. This son also wore the name of Colombo, tacking to it *giovane*, or junior, but the Venetians only rarely refer to him by this *nom de guerre*. They speak of him more often as Nicolo Griego, or the Greek. This may have been a personal appellation; more likely it was an inherited surname. At all events, it seems clear that Colombo was not his name or his father's.

Positively, the only credible information we have of the discoverer's family antecedents is that he was closely related to these two pirates. He alludes with pride to this fact himself, and his natural son Fernando dwells on it with equal satisfaction. Neither of them ever mentions any other relatives. The discoverer seems to have spent most of his earlier life aboard their piratical fleets. He saw some independent service on the high seas, chiefly in the pay of René of Anjou, and in 1477 he made a voyage to Iceland; but for the most part he was with the corsairs, his cousins. With them he burned, murdered, pillaged, from the Tunisian coast around to the Flemish dunes; with them he ravaged in pious zeal the infidel seaboard, what time business was slack in Venetian galleys and Spanish traders; with Colombo junior, he bore his share in the final great fight off Cape St. Vincent in 1485—a sensational climax to his piratical career.

This big sea-battle, with its ferocious hand-to-hand struggles, its butchery of the Venetian crews, and its nineteen hours of ceaseless uproar, is the overture to the entrance upon the historical stage of Columbus the Discoverer. The story his son Fernando tells—we cannot doubt that he had it from his father's lips—pictures a stormy and exciting entrance. The tale goes that the pirate-ship which he himself took into action lashed itself by grapples and chains to one of the four great merchant galleys; the Venetians defended themselves with desperation, using, among other weapons, what was known as Greek fire. Both vessels caught fire, and those who survived the savage fighting had to leap into the water, and Columbus, with the aid of a floating oar, swam six miles to the Portuguese coast, whence he painfully made his way to Lisbon. Fernando quite logically lays stress upon this as the



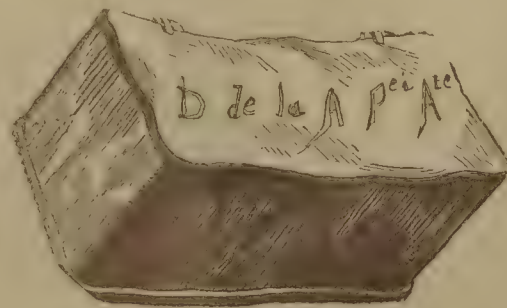
COMMEMORATIVE MEDAL OF 1892, FOURTH CENTENARY OF THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA BY COLUMBUS.



INSCRIPTIONS ON SILVER PLATE IN THE CASNET.



LEADEN CASNET, WITH SUPPOSED BONES OF COLUMBUS, AT ST. DOMINGO, WEST INDIES.



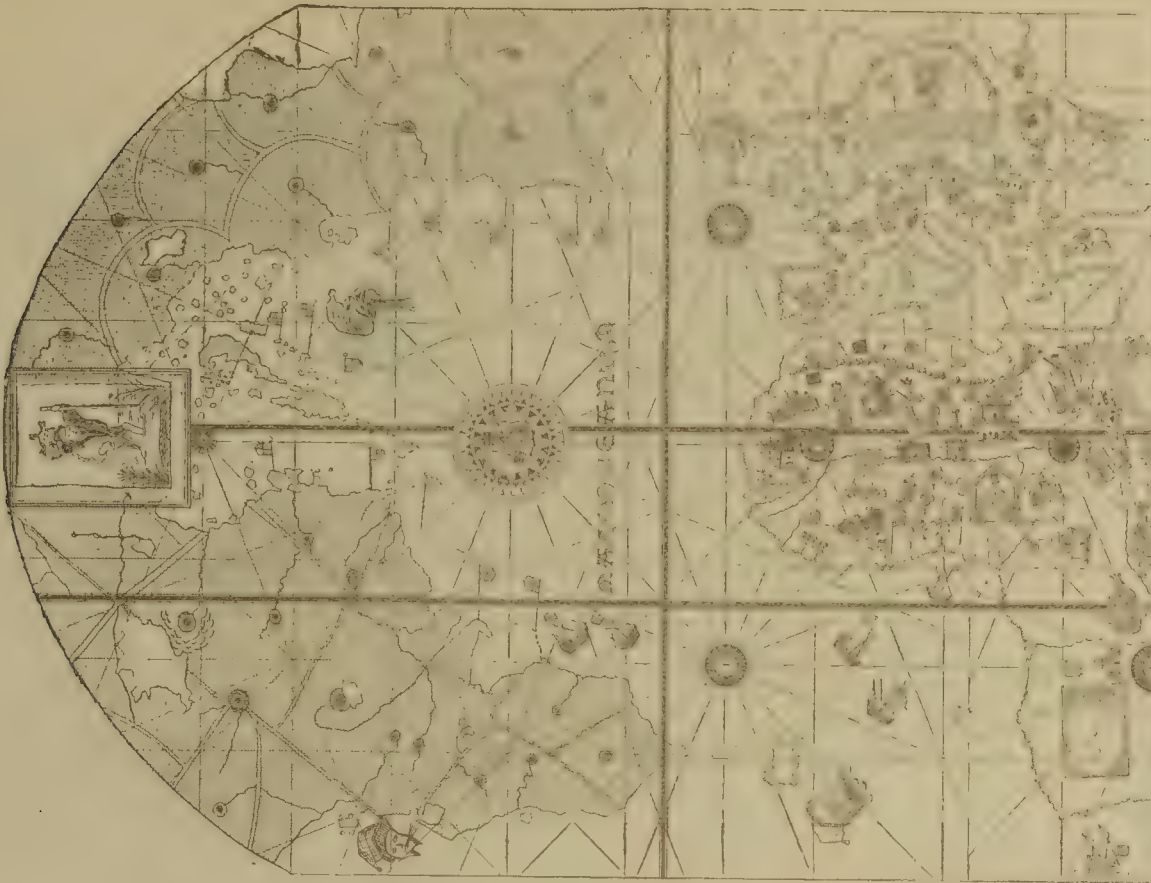


CHART DRAWN IN 1500 BY JUAN DE LA COSA, PILOT WHO HAD ACCOMPANIED COLUMBUS.

turning point of his father's career, and as the real first step towards the discovery of the New World. Irving, Major, and other biographers have seen fit to reject it as apocryphal, because it does not square with their preconceived notion that Columbus had been brooding nobly for a dozen previous years over the project of sailing into the unknown West. Fernando says frankly that his father only got the idea after he had abandoned piracy, married and settled down in Lisbon, and studied attentively the charts and memoranda left by his wife's deceased father, the Portuguese-Italian navigator Perestrelo. There is both force and the strongest human probability in this statement of the son. Historians of the old romantic school have calmly set it aside, because they desired to have a Columbus intent from early manhood on a vast crowning achievement, planning the great discovery twenty-two years before it came off, and writing to Toscanelli about it in 1474, or eleven years before the Cape St. Vincent episode. This is pretty, but it is not history. The fable of his being the son of a wool-comber in Genoa is not even pretty.

What we are reasonably clear about, then, is that in 1485, at the time when the buccaneering Colombi disappear from human records, an impoverished marine adventurer turns up in the Portuguese capital, and enters upon a career of comparative respectability. Apparently he had known Lisbon before; but that was true of almost all other navigators of his latitudes. What the Lisbon people seem to have known of him was that he was Genoese born, had spent his whole life on the sea, and was a close kinsman and former associate of the most terrible of Mediterranean pirates—and that is practically all we know of him now, so far as antecedents go. The rest spoke for itself. He was at this time nearly fifty years of age—a weather-beaten and prematurely white-haired man, tall, hawk-nosed, and grey-eyed, with polite manners, and a power of impressing people with his intelligence. It does not appear whether he was what was then called learned or not. Mr. Goodrich makes out a powerful case for his early illiteracy. On the

other hand, the old biographers cling to the story that he spent three years at the University of Pavia, and Rafn speaks of his having been able to talk in Latin with the Bishop of Kalholt and other Norse scholars when he visited Iceland in 1477. Whatever his attainments may have been, measured by our standards, they sufficed to make him a dignified and creditable figure in Lisbon, and to give him access to powerful and courtly circles. It was an age when pedants gave the wall to

practical men, and princes valued a navigator who had feasible projects for opening new avenues to wealth above many closet savants. The line drawn then, too, between piracy and legitimate warfare ran so tortuously that it was easy enough to dive and emerge on the reputable side of it. Some prosperous Genoese residents of Lisbon befriended this new comer, and helped him to clothes, a purse, and an establishment. He was assiduous in his attendance upon church services—and thereby won a wife. The nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine elderly and battered sea-hulks, drifting thus into fortuitous harbour, would have asked nothing better than to doze out existence at comfortable anchor, Columbus was the odd one, finding rest impossible. The salt winds kept whistling in his ears. The unknown deep beckoned him. He could not stay on land.

Much uncertainty surrounds the periods of years during which he sought for patronage and a chance to get upon the sea again. There is, first of all, a great confusion of dates, and beyond this it is apparent that the biographers have mixed up traces of his earlier attempts to secure employment as a general navigator with the records of his subsequent appeals for support of a specific westward expedition. There are evidences of his seeking help from many sources—from Genoa, Venice,

and two grandes of Southern Spain, which may or may not belong to the later period. His applications to the Kings of Portugal and England clearly related to a project of westward exploration, and his weary years of dangling about after the itinerant Castilian Court obviously enough had that same purpose in view. But between even the latest and most succinct plan for which Columbus asked royal patronage and the actual results of his momentous voyage there exists such a tremendous difference that it is hardly worth arguing about what his plans really were, or precisely when he formed them.

The truth is that the whole air of Western Europe was surcharged with the spirit of exploration and the lust for riches to be brought from strange parts. While Columbus was still a boy, the talk of all seafaring people was of the discoveries of the Portuguese along the Guinea Coast and among the far-distant Cape Verde and Azores islands. His manhood brought him in contact with scores of ambitious navigators, who eagerly gathered up the floating rumours of new waterways to India, and worried their brains with visions of some day traversing these, and winning incredible wealth in gold-dust and pearls and slaves. The invention of printing had familiarised the mind with books, and in the train of this had sprung up a great industry of map-making, just as the application of the astrolabe had stimulated adventurous voyaging. The spherical character of the earth had received what may be called scientific acceptance, though a good many navigators were sceptics, and the lay world, schooled and unschooled alike, laughed aloud with derisive incredulity. Once given the idea of a globe, all



ARMOUR WORN BY COLUMBUS.



MONUMENT IN THE PIAZZA ACQUAVERDE, GENOA, IN HONOUR OF COLUMBUS.



COLUMBUS REFUTING THE DOMINICAN FRIARS IN THE CONFERENCES AT SALAMANCA.

PICTURE BY N. BARABINO, IN THE PALAZZO ORSINI, GENOA.

sorts of strange fancies began to sprout in roving minds. By 1485 the seagoing people were full of them.

Columbus had a powerful instinct for cartography, and he seems to have familiarised himself with the map-lore of his time. This was not much. The great Semitic dominion, which kept alive so much learning through the Dark Ages of Europe, and added to that store so nobly on so many sides, had done nothing with geography. It remained practically where Ptolemy had left it. Columbus and his contemporaries made the Ptolemaic globe the basis of all their charts, adding to it only the African line and the Azores of recent Portuguese discovery. They estimated the globe at two-thirds its actual size, and they assumed that if one went far enough westward he would come upon the Asiatic coast, or rather upon the far side of India and that island of Cipango (Japan) which Marco Polo told about. By under-estimating the circumference of the earth, and imagining Asia to be twice as broad as it is, the fifteenth-century mind arrived roughly at the conclusion that land would be reached by a voyage of, say, 3000 miles. This was right enough as far as it went.

Columbus never laid precise claim to having reasoned this out for himself independently. It was a general deduction of the period. What he did do was to pore deeply over the maps and records of Portuguese discoveries which his father-in-law had left, and to collect the scattered tales of land to the west, of floating carved timbers, strange trees, and giant coast-seaweed seen floating eastward in mid-ocean, which mariners had been bringing in for years. We have seen that he visited Iceland in 1477: it is firmly asserted by Rafn and others that he was told there all that Iceland's wise men knew of the old Vinland discoveries and occupation, and this might well have been much, since only 130 years had elapsed since the last Icelandic voyage to America. Even without this, he himself enumerates a whole chain of circumstances and a number of personal narratives which, together, seemed to him to prove the existence of land to the westward, within reach of the vessels of that day. But many others were more or less convinced of this—and did nothing. They are forgotten, and Columbus lives as the first man of his time, because the conviction, once established, gnawed and corroded ceaselessly in his mind. At the end, he must either sail out in the track of the setting sun or go mad.

The picture of his struggles to secure a hearing for his project which we are able to make for ourselves is characteristically mediæval. Monarchs and the Church alone had

power: they alone were appealed to, and that by arguments composed in equal parts of dreams of gold and visions of new fields for missionary labour and conquest. The stupidity and conservatism of the ecclesiastical majority were for years the chief obstacle in his path. One gets a full sense of the besotted ignorance and conceit with which the average monk regarded him in Barabino's fine painting of the dreamer in the convent of Salamanca. But the Church had its good side as well. Victory was finally obtained through the intervention of Queen Isabella's former confessor, one whom we know better as Perez, the head of the Convent of La Rabida. When Columbus at last set sail it was with one of those terrible crews of convicts and criminals, half pirate, half cut-throat of the slums, which peopled old-world waters. Neither they nor he ever saw anything in what they discovered save a source of

twenty-six, after ten years of monastic schooling, left his Dutch home to view the chief countries of Western Europe and study them through new eyes. By the time these two, Luther and Erasmus, reached middle life, Mediævalism was dead and Europe was transformed. These twain, who, working apart and in hostility, wrought so large a share of this transformation, would have laughed scornfully at the judgment which bracketed with them that Genoese buccaneer who had augmented, in another part of the globe, the possessions of hated and backward Spain.

We who see it all from a standpoint so much farther removed, and in a truer perspective, lay hold of Columbus as the typical figure standing on the very threshold of the modern world we know. Where his feet are planted, modern history begins.

HAROLD FREDERIC.



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

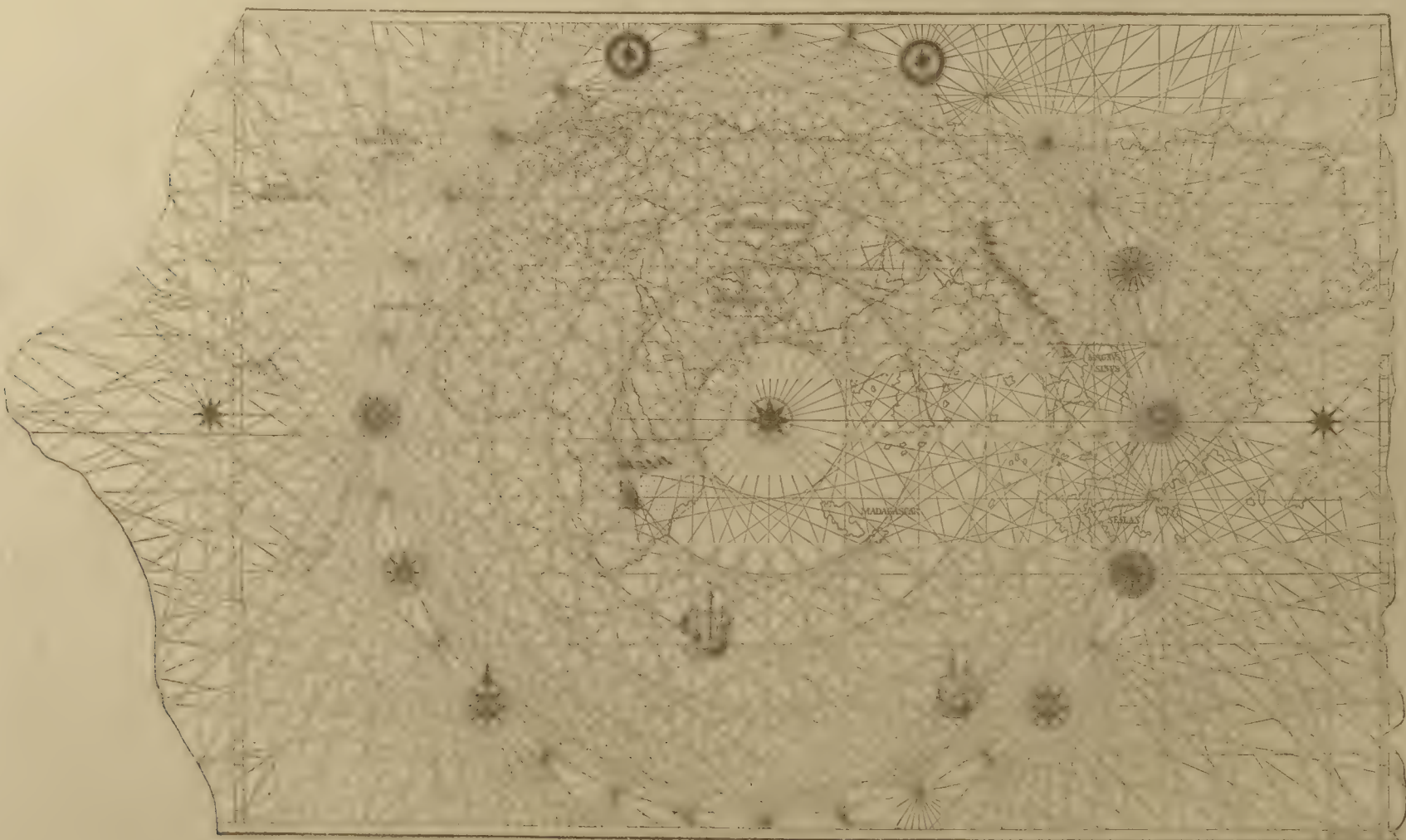
FROM A PORTRAIT ONCE IN THE GALLERY OF PAOLO GIOVIO, BELONGING TO DR. A. DE ORCHI, OF COMO.

pillaged gold and jewels and slaves. To make it a complete fifteenth-century picture, he took with him a baptised Jew, skilled in the Eastern tongues and traditions which that century revered as learned, even while it persecuted them as heretical, in order that he might serve as interpreter on the Asiatic coasts for which they were bound.

By Navarrete's computation, based on Bernaldez and the allusions of other authorities, Columbus was born about the year 1436. This would make him something less than fifty when the passion for sailing westward seized upon him, and fifty-six when at last he hoisted his flag on the caravel Santa Maria, and weighed anchor for his voyage to the unknown. As life ran in those eager days, he was an old man.

Looking back across the centuries, we see now that it was Mediævalism which set sail then on its quest for the Modern. It was the final act of that strange old world of the Plantagenets and Borgias and Medici, of the Crusades and the Inquisition, of lofty saints and incarnate devils—an act comparable in metaphor to that fecundation in the insect kingdom which involves the parent's death. Columbus died not knowing what he had in truth done—realising nothing beyond the fact that he had been treated badly, even basely, in the division of the spoils. In the same way his age may be said to have passed away in ignorance of the real work it had accomplished. Like him, it died in turbulent complaining of a world gone wrong, filled to the last with visions of more looted gold and fresh galleys of slaves in chains.

In that same great year 1492, a little boy of nine, the son of a poor miner, learned his letters in a Thuringian village, and a young man of



PORTUGUESE MARITIME CHART OF THE WORLD IN 1502.



THE CARAVEL SANTA MARIA, IN WHICH COLUMBUS FIRST SAILED ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

'SPANISH CONQUEST' AND COLONISATION AFTER COLUMBUS.

It may be questioned, regarding America, as we now do, mainly as the home of an English-speaking population, in the United States and in the Canadian Dominion, already numbering almost double the population of the British Islands, whether Columbus is entitled to the honour of having shown the way to that part of the Western Continent. How can he be styled the discoverer of what he never to the day of his death knew or supposed to exist? He actually discovered nearly all the islands of the West Indies, a small piece of the north-east coast of South America, opposite Trinidad, and the Honduras and Costa Rica shores of the Gulf of Mexico, in his four voyages; but he believed to the last that these countries were part of Eastern Asia. It was under this persuasion that he finally returned to Spain in 1504. Five years before that date the English expeditions, commanded by the Venetian Cabot, had surveyed parts of the coast of North America; Newfoundland was already visited by Breton fishermen; the Gulf of St. Lawrence had been

entered; while the coast of that large portion of the Continent which now belongs to the United States was discovered, in 1499, by Amerigo Vespucci with a Portuguese expedition. These are the countries of which we usually think first when America is mentioned, and their existence was not made known by Columbus; nor was it due to his solitary example, or to his peculiar geographical doctrine—an erroneous doctrine, after all, with reference to the position of Cathay and Cipango on the globe—that the maritime enterprise of other nations, especially the English and French, followed in after ages by colonisation, annexed those countries to the domain of European civilisation.

The course of Spanish conquest in the Gulf of Mexico, on the coasts of Central America and of Venezuela, and in the

. S.
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SIGNATURE OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

wonderful, mysterious heathen empires of Mexico and Peru, was essentially different, as it was prompted by other motives—the quest of gold, won by sheer robbery, to satiate royal cupidity and to enrich greedy courtiers at Madrid; the desire of a priesthood to subdue all races of mankind to one ecclesiastical system; and the unscrupulous cupidity of planters, enslaving the simple natives and working them to death in the cultivation of tropical produce. Without disparaging the extraordinary valour and ability of such leaders as Cortes and Pizarro, and others perhaps equal to these in military prowess and courage, it must be said that the renown of their achievements is stained by crimes of perfidy, rapacity, and cruelty, unmatched in the dealings of any other nation

Amerigo Vesputi
piloto mayor

SIGNATURE OF AMERIGO VESPUCCI.

of Christendom with peaceable and hospitable inhabitants of an invaded country. No Turks or Tartars could have done more heinous deeds. The unhappy native monarchs, Montezuma and Atahualpa, with the princes and nobles of their States, possessing a high degree of material civilisation and regular government, appear in history as morally superior to the Spanish adventurers; they were, assuredly, more just, more honourable, and more humane than his Majesty the Emperor Charles V. or King Philip II., whose revenues were augmented by the spoliation of Mexico and Peru. Time soon brought about its revenges. The Spanish conquests in America, completed within fifty years of the great feat of Columbus, incurred a severe chastisement, within the next half-century, by the revolt of the Netherlands, which reduced Spain to virtual bankruptcy, with the loss both of her Eastern and Western commerce. Columbus, however, was not a Spaniard.



HOUSE AT VALLADOLID, IN SPAIN, WHERE COLUMBUS DIED, 1506.



CATHEDRAL OF HAVANA, CUBA; CONTAINING THE TOMB OF COLUMBUS.



LANDING OF COLUMBUS AT GUANAHANI (BAHAMA ISLANDS) OCT. 12, 1492.



WRECK OF THE CARAVEL SANTA MARIA, COLUMBUS'S SHIP, ON THE COAST OF HISPANIOLA, DEC. 24, 1492.

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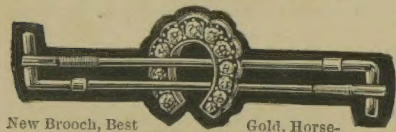
New Double-Heart Brooch, containing 31 Brilliants and 1 Pearl. Stones set transparent, £5 15s.



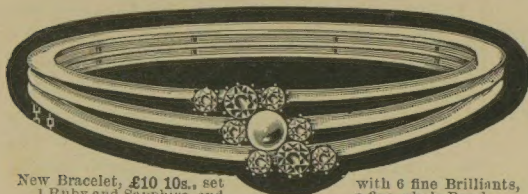
New Ribbon and Heart Bar Brooch, containing 31 Brilliants and 2 Pearls, £5 15s.



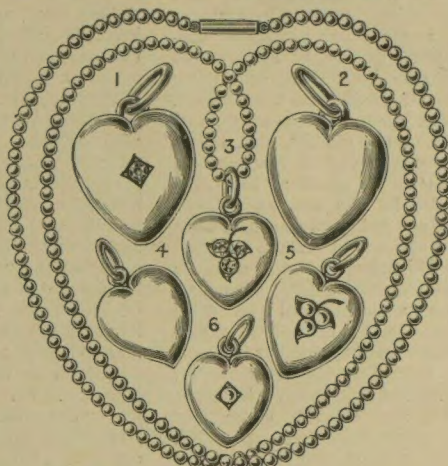
New Daisy Brooch, containing 14 Brilliants and 3 Rubies, Stones set transparent, £5 5s.



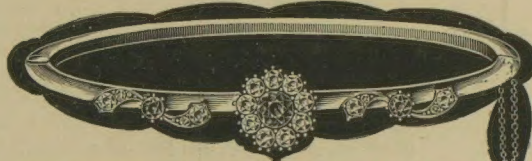
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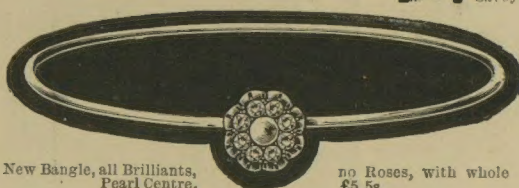
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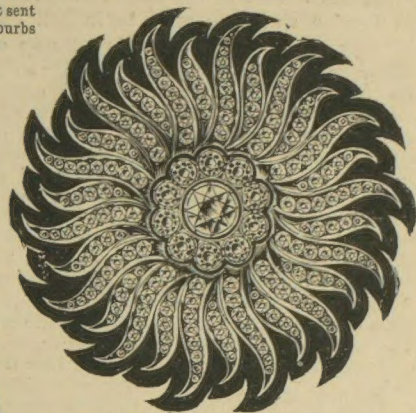
New Bangle, all Brilliants, Pearl Centre, no Roses, with whole £5 5s.



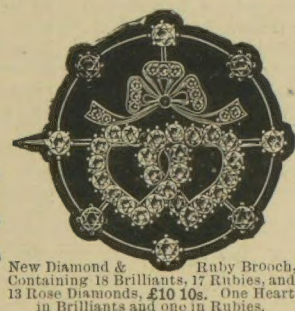
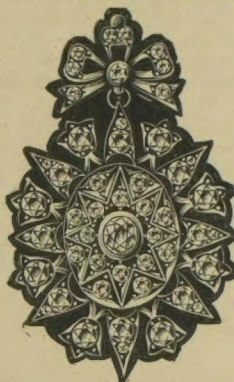
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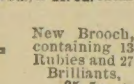


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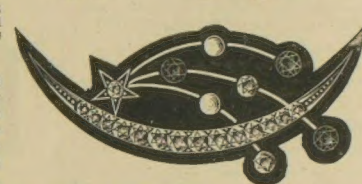
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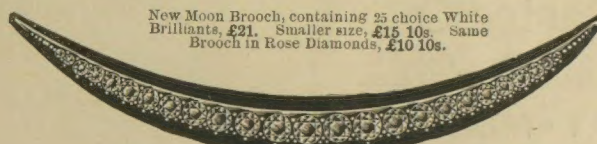
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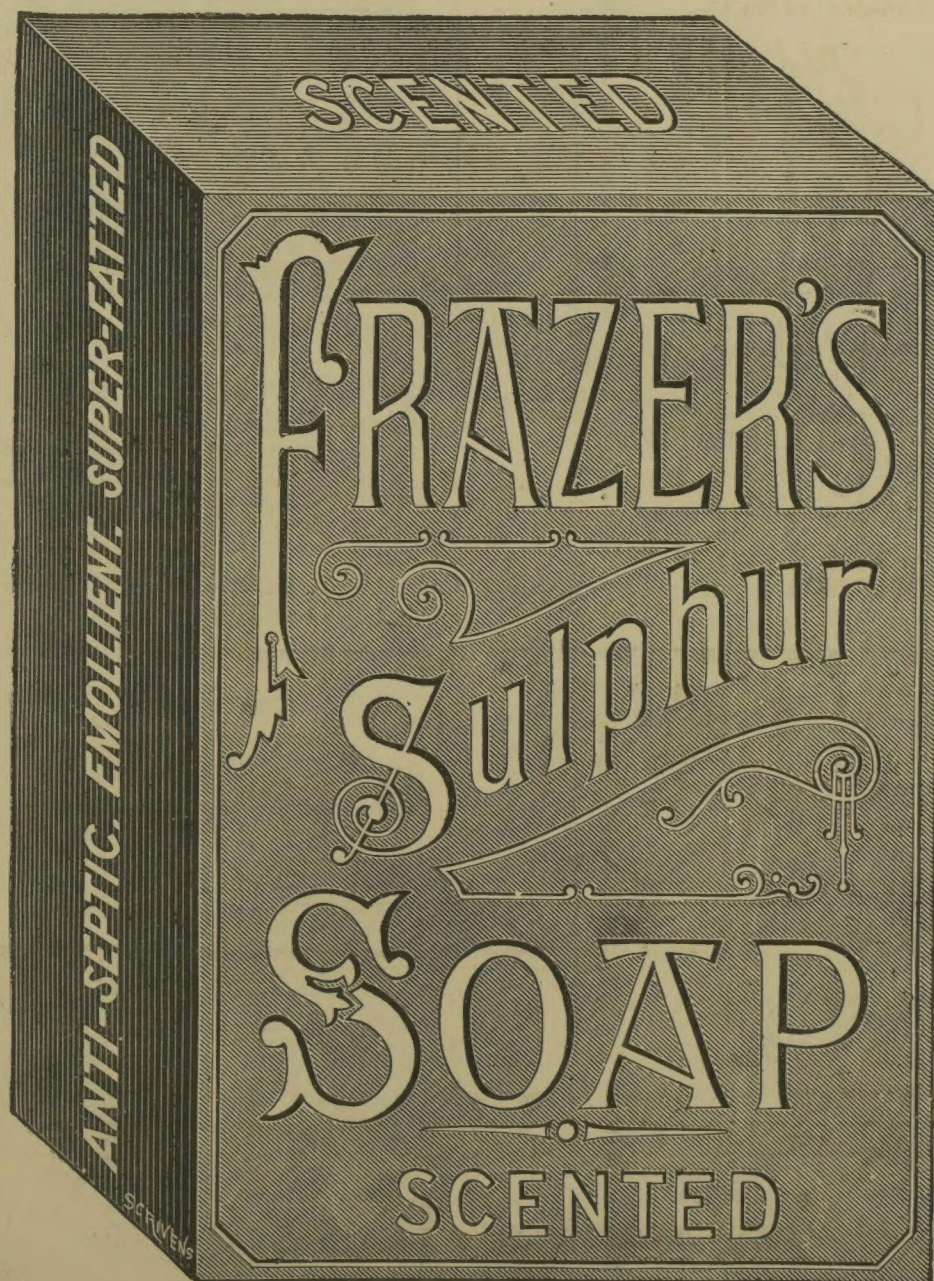


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THE COMING MUSICAL SEASON.

With the advent of the second week in October, musical life in London will once more be in full swing. By a couple of days only is the concert in advance of the opera season, Señor Sarasate beginning his series at St. James's Hall on Oct. 8, while Sir Augustus Harris opens his campaign at Covent Garden on the 10th. Signor Lago has still to fix a date for the commencement of his promised opera season at the New Olympic Theatre, but he cannot long delay now, inasmuch as his engagements are nearly all completed. One of his earliest productions will be Tchaikowsky's opera, "Eugeny Onégin," a successful example of the Russian national school, and this will be given in English, with Mr. Eugène Oudin in the title-part. The Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts make a start on Oct. 15, when M. Vladimir de Pachmann will appear there for the first time since 1886, and Mr. and Mrs. Oudin will be the vocalists. The scheme will include two novelties, namely, a ballade for orchestra, after Doré's picture, "A Day Dream," by Mr. C. A. Lidgley, Op. 7, and a symphonic poem, entitled "Les Lupercales" ("Fêtes de Pan"), by M. André Wormser, the composer of "L'Enfant Prodigue." Mr. August Manns will, of course, resume his wonted place as conductor.

For the Popular Concerts, which will enter upon their thirty-fifth season on Monday, Oct. 24, Mr. Arthur Chappell has issued some brief preliminary announcements, a glance at which will suffice to prove that this valuable institu-

tion is to hold its place during the coming winter among undertakings of a kindred nature. So long as the names of Joachim, Néruda, and Piatti are included among the executants, there need be no fear that the "Pops" are in danger of a falling-off as regards either artistic merit or public favour. These three great players are going to return, and with them many other artists of distinction and popularity. As everyone knows, M. Paderewski is prevented by an attack of rheumatic fever from appearing at the opening concert of the season, which had, on his account, been specially altered from the Monday to the Tuesday; but in his stead Mlle. Szumowska will be the pianist, and, let us add, a welcome substitute for her accomplished teacher. If we cannot have the great man himself, we shall, at least, see his genius reflected to some extent in the playing of his "only pupil." On the same evening Señor Arbos will lead the string quartet, wherein Messrs. Ries and Straus will fill their old positions; while Mr. Whitehouse will officiate as 'cellist in place of the veteran Signor Piatti, who does not return until Nov. 14. The vocalist will be Miss Liza Lehmann, now happily restored to health and strength after the severe indisposition which compelled her to seek repose in warmer climes. The Saturday Concerts begin, as usual, in the same week. Mr. Leonard Borwick will be the pianist at the first, and on the same day Brahms's vocal quartets and gipsy songs will be sung by Mr. and Mrs. Henschel, Madame Isabel Fasset, and Mr. Shakespeare. Madame Néruda (Lady Hallé) will make her rentrée

on Nov. 7, and play at most of the concerts during that month. Dr. Joachim will return, as usual, in February. We may note that Brahms's clarinet quintet is down for performance on Dec. 5 and 10, with the co-operation of Herr Mühlfeld.

The Royal Choral Society will begin its season at the Royal Albert Hall, under Sir Joseph Barnby's direction, on Nov. 2. Dvorák's "Requiem" is to be performed on that occasion in consequence of the enthusiastic reception accorded the work when it was given here last March. The vocalists will be Madame Albani, Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Watkin Mills. On the 23rd Berlioz's "Faust" will be the attraction, with Miss Anna Williams, Mr. Iver McKay, and Mr. Henschel in the solo parts. A fortnight later "The Golden Legend" will be given, the solo quartet comprising Madame Albani, Miss Clara Butt, Mr. Ben Davies, and Mr. Henschel; while Jan. 2 and March 31 are set apart for the customary New Year and Good Friday performances of the "Messiah." The only novelty of the season will be presented on Jan. 18, when a "Solemn Mass" from the pen of Miss Ethel M. Smyth is to be given. It is announced that her Majesty the Queen and members of the royal family take a deep interest in the production of this work, the performance of which is to be honoured by the presence of the Empress Eugénie. On the same evening the first and second parts of the "Creation" will form part of the programme. The remaining announcements comprise Gounod's "Redemption" on Feb. 15, "Israel in Egypt" on March 8, "St. Paul" on April 19, and "Elijah" on May 10.

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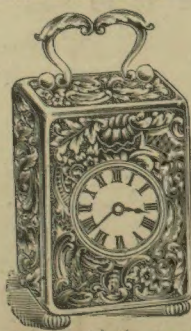
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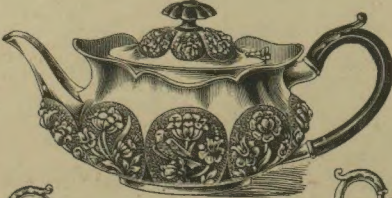
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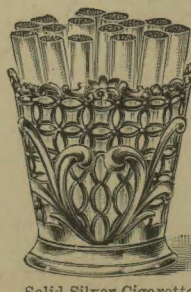
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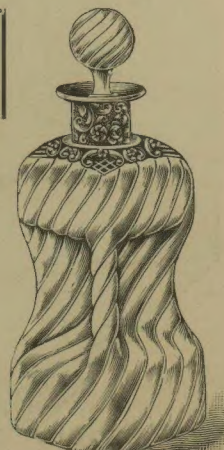
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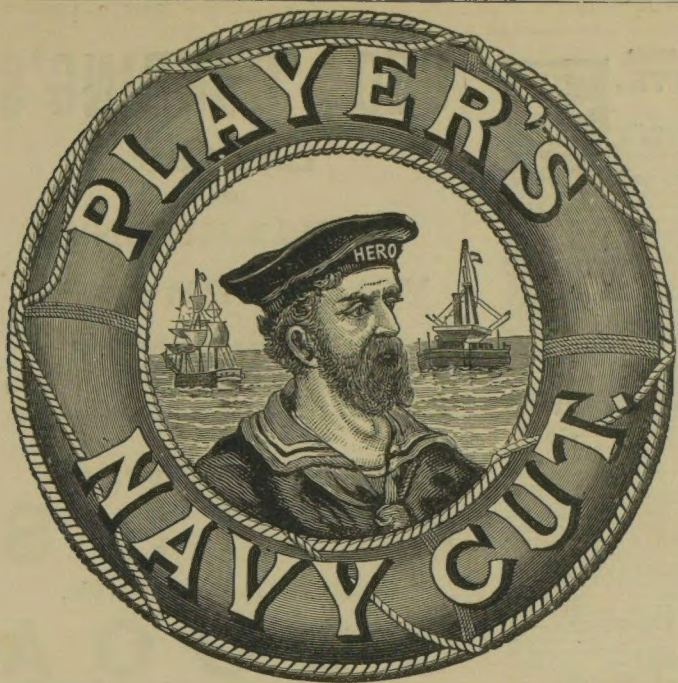
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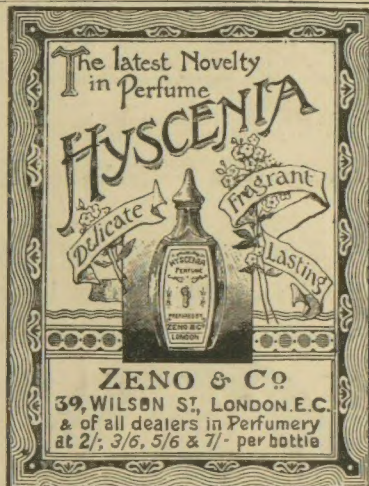
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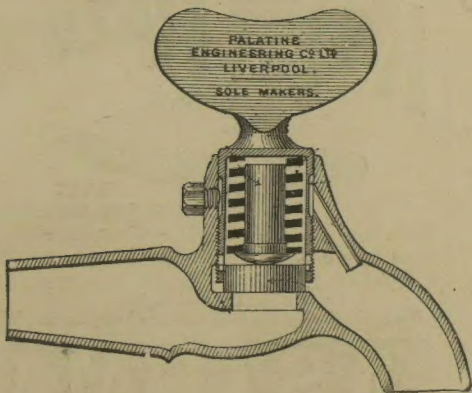


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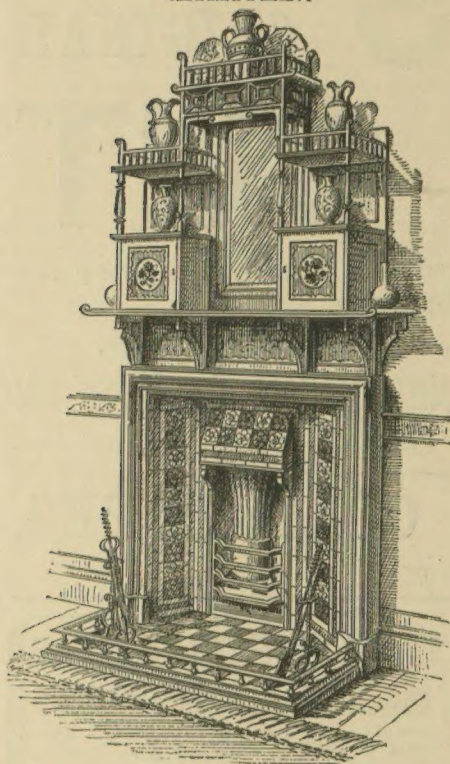
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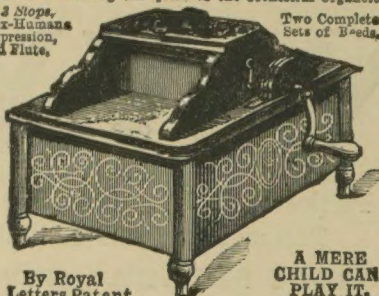
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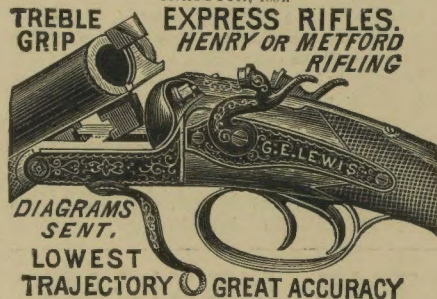
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